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GREECE.—ALI PASHA.

THE true author of the Greek insurrection was Ali Pasha. This man's ambition, intercourse with Europeans, and fierce and oriental catastrophes, have thrown all circumstances of his life and character into public knowledge. His birth was honourable among his barbarian countrymen; he was the descendant of a long line of warrior robbers, lords of some of those small districts into which a mountain country is naturally divided. A remote ancestor, and robber, Muzzo, had made himself master of Zepeleni, a town on the left bank of the Voiussa. Mouktar Bey, Ali's grandfather, was a distinguished soldier, and slain at the siege of Corfu. Veli Bey, the youngest of Mouktar's sons, and father of Ali, had been Pasha of Delvino, but driven from his Pashalik, and reduced to his original lordship, he died of grief. At this period, Ali was but fourteen. He had been born at Zepeleni in 1748. The death of his father exposed the town to the rapacity of all the surrounding clans. Khamco, his mother, a true barbarian heroine, instantly threw aside the distaff, sword in hand rallied the dependants of the family, and repelled the invaders. In one of these attacks, she and her daughter Shunitza were taken prisoners by the people of Gardiki, who treated them with the indescribable insults of a robber's victory. They were released at the end of a month by ransom; but the

insult sunk deep into Ali's spirit, and he treasured it for almost half a century, till it was wiped away in the blood and ashes of Gardiki.

Ali had all the restlessness and craft of a savage, mingled with the rapacity of the robber, and the native activity and bravery of the Greek mountaineer. From the age of sixteen he was a soldier and a plunderer, continually engaged in brief expeditions against the neighbouring tribes, carrying off cattle, or making descents among the richer population of the valleys. Success and defeat were for a while alternate, but at length he was on the point of ruin. An attack near the sources of the Chelydinus had been followed by the total dispersion of his wild troop, and Ali fled alone to Mount Mertzika, so reduced that he was compelled to pledge his scymitar to buy barley for his horse. He made the attempt again with a force of six hundred men, and was again beaten. Khamco, for whom he had always felt a singular homage, had commanded him, in almost the words of the Spartan mother, "Never to come back but dead, or a conqueror." As he gathered the remnant of his soldiers from this disastrous field, he went into the ruins of a church, near Valera, to rest and think over what was to be done. There, in his agitation, he stood, unconsciously, striking his stick into the ground. It at last struck upon

something that returned a sound. He dug up the spot, and, to his astonishment, found a box filled with gold coin. He had now found the true way to barbarian victory. It would be a fine juncture for the pencil to seize upon the figure of this mountain warrior at the moment; the countenance lighted up with the wild exultation and fiery foresight of the whole long career of triumph, that burst upon him in the discovery. The accessories, too, of the picture would be powerful. The military equipments, stained and purpled by toil and battle; the sacred ruin round him, with its broken altars and weedy columns; the remnant of his defeated troops covering the hill side; the brilliant mountains and sky of Greece above all.

With this treasure, Ali raised an army of two thousand men, renewed the campaign, swept the enemy before him, and returned to Zepeleni, a conqueror, never to be repulsed again from the way to sovereignty.

On his triumphant return, he by force or persuasion, induced his mother to resign Zepeleni. The heroine retired to the Harem, where she soon after died. Ali, now furnished with the means of indulging his natural impulses, indulged them to the utmost, and became the most renowned among the marauding chieftains of the hills. He threw troops into the principal passes of the chain of Pindus, and was thus master of the whole traffic of Thessaly and Macedonia. Merchants, caravans, public convoys, all fell into the hands of this young and enterprising lord of the "Robbers." The slow vigilance of the Turkish government was at length roused, and Kourd Pasha, the Dervendji Pasha, or "Governor of the Passes," the officer appointed to protect the communications, was ordered to crush the less licensed plunderer. But Ali's dexterity evaded an open encounter with the Sultan, and the attack which was to have been his ruin, ended in an alliance with the Pasha, and a marriage with the daughter of the Turk-

ish governor of Argyro Castro. A succession of mountain conquests rapidly raised him into higher notice, until the next "Governor of the Passes" found it the wiser policy to make Ali his deputy. The old craft of the Greek was not forgotten. The deputy, instead of extinguishing the Klepbis, sold licences for plunder to the amount of 150,000 piastres. The story reached Constantinople. The Pasha was recalled, and beheaded for his neglect or corruption. Ali, still dexterous and fortunate, bribed the ministers, and at once escaped punishment and fixed an interest in the Seraglio.

His character as a leader was now distinguished, and he was summoned to take the command of a body of Albanians in the war with Russia. Ali had now first come within the circle of European politics, and his ambition was suddenly awakened to the more brilliant object of independent power. The purpose of Russia was to assail Turkey at once on the north and south, to penetrate to Constantinople by an army from Moldavia and a fleet from the Mediterranean. To detach the Albanian chieftain became important. The capture of one of his nephews gave an opening for a correspondence with Potemkin, and it seems authenticated that there was a twofold conspiracy, by which Potemkin, at the head of the Russian army, was to make himself sovereign of Constantinople, and to confer on Ali the kingdom of Epirus. But the war ceased in the midst of Russian victories. Potemkin, the most powerful subject in the world, sunk into shade, probably from the detection of his designs, and Ali's dream vanished for the time. Yet his sagacity saw where his own strength and the weakness of Turkey lay; and from that period he kept up a correspondence with Russia until he was master of Epirus without its aid; and if he had nothing to fear from its hostility, he had nothing to hope from its friendship.

Human nature may justly shrink from the mingled ferocity and can-

ning, the contempt of faith, and the furious passions, that characterise the career of this memorable barbarian. But it is impossible not to be struck by the display of vigorous and original ability, that throws a kind of sullen splendour over his whole gloomy and precipitous track. His purpose from the beginning is power; he is repeatedly baffled, but he rises again from the ground with fresh resolution; he hunts his prey through every difficulty with the fierce stanchness of a bloodhound. Treachery and valour, bribery and generosity, are alike unsparingly his instruments; where craft and labour will carry him through, he is perfidious without measure; but when he cannot wind round the rock, he tries some bold expedient, he blasts the rock, and finally makes a royal road to the throne.

By his conduct at the head of the Albanians, Ali had gained eminence as a soldier with both the Russian and Turkish armies. His reward was a Pashalik of two tails. He chose his new province with that political eye whose keenness never failed him. He was appointed to the government of Triccala in Thessaly. This appointment showed at once the habitual blindness of the Porte in its remoter possessions, and the unwearied sagacity of its new favourite. Triccala was chosen with the skill of a first rate tactician. By its position on the Great Passes between Western Greece and Constantinople, it threw the corn trade into its viceroy's hands. It equally intercepted the commerce of the districts of Joannina and the whole mountain country of the west. Ali was in fact master of Thessaly, the most productive province of Greece; and by the same step was raised within sight of the sovereignty of the whole western dominions of the Ottoman. He now lost no time in the consummation of his bold project.

The Beys in the neighbourhood of Joannina, whether from their native turbulence, or, as is equally probable, excited by his intrigues, had burst in-

to sudden tumult. Assassination, robbery, and open conflict, raged through the country. The people groaned under the multitude of petty tyrants, and grew ripe for the authority of one. In the midst of the perpetual sound of battle and misery, Ali's trumpets were heard from the hills. The civil conflict ceased, for the rival Beys knew that when he advanced all were equally a prey. They joined their troops, and fought a fierce battle with the invader at the head of the Lake of Joannina. The discipline of Ali's Albanians broke their irregular force, and after a long struggle, they were utterly defeated, and driven into the city. But it was among the characteristics of this extraordinary man never to run an unnecessary hazard. The walls of Joannina, garrisoned by a dispirited army, would probably have been mastered by his troops, however untrained to sieges. But he had a more secure, though a more circuitous way to victory. By threats and money he formed a party in the country, and induced them to send a deputation to Constantinople, proposing him for the government. The Beys, aware of the mission, instantly sent to deprecate the appointment. They succeeded. Ali's talents had already rendered him formidable at Constantinople, and his deputation returned with a Firman, commanding him to the bitter measure of withdrawing from the prize already within his grasp, and even disbanding his army. Nothing could have been more anxious than the alternative. Resistance would have been rebellion and ruin, soon or late. The dismissal of his troops would have been, on the Ottoman principles, probably followed by the loss of his head. But by an act of more than Punic skill, he evaded this formidable dilemma, and actually triumphed. He had received intelligence of his failure, and of the Firman, from an agent who had rode some days in advance of the deputation of which he was one. The agent was immediately sent back to rejoin it. The deputation was received in

pomp by the Beys, who advanced beyond the gates of Joannina, to receive the Sultan's order with becoming homage. It was solemnly opened in the assembly, each Bey first touching it with his forehead in token of that submission for life and death, which is due to the will of the great King of the Moslems. To the astonishment and alarm of all, the Firman declared Ali lord of the Pashalik of Joannina! This daring forgery was instantly exclaimed against; but the forger was not a man to leave time for the growth of opposition. He instantly marched upon the city, now thronged with his partizans, augmented by those who either believed the reality of the Firman, or looked for some personal advantages from the known profusion of the invader. Ali's conduct in this crisis was politic; he lavished money on his friends and the populace; he disclaimed all revenge, and pledged himself to the protection and advancement of the Beys, who still continued in the territory. His chief opponents had fled to the hills on the entrance of his army, and all was peace and popular acclamation. Yet in the midst of this public revel, he provided against a reverse with the coolness of a veteran politician. He marched a strong force into the citadel, and thus placed himself out of the power of public change. But Constantinople was still to be propitiated. Without loss of time, he sent a deputation of the principal inhabitants to the Porte, bearing his own account of the transaction, and bearing the still more irresistible argument with a Turkish ministry, of large means of corruption. It was felt too, that he was now in possession of a power which it must take a war to break down; the policy of the Porte, furious and vindictive as it is, has always been to temporise until it can destroy; and the Pashalik was finally confirmed to its dexterous and daring usurper.

Ali was now a King in all but the name, and his kingdom extended over a number of provinces that still

touch us with noble classical recollections. The Pashalik of Joannina comprehended Locris (Ozolæ), Ætolia, Acarnania, Thesprotia, Molossia, Chaonia; and among the towns of those provinces were Actium, where the Empire of the Roman world was once decided; and Dodona, the great central oracle of ancient superstition. And this was the achievement of a barbarian, unfurnished with the knowledge or politics of civilized states; probably unable to read or write; unsustained by alliance; and forced to fight his way foot by foot under severities of fortune worse than the storms of his own inclement skies, and still more perilous, under the remorseless and subtle jealousy of the Ottoman.

The great scale of European ambition—the magnitude of the triumph—the magnitude of the means, throw exploits like those of Ali among his mountain tribes into the shade. But, (throwing morality out of the question,) in the innate materials that constitute the superiority of the man as the conqueror and the ruler;—in the distant and eagle-eyed vision with which he fixed on his purpose from the beginning;—in the resistless activity of his pursuit;—the inexhaustible dexterity of his intrigue; and still more, in that unhesitating turn, from the most creeping subterfuge to the fiercest and most daring violence, the singular mixture of the wildest craft that belongs to cowardice, with the boldest risk that makes the character of heroism; Ali, Pasha of Joannina, has had in our time neither equal nor rival but one—Napoleon, Pasha of the European world.

The Russian and Austrian Alliance now issued in a war against Turkey. A secret treaty has been framed between Catherine and Joseph the Second, during the celebrated progress to the Crimea in 1787, for the dismemberment of European Turkey. The strength of the attack was to have been thrown on the western frontier; agents were dispatched to prepare the Greeks; engineers in disguise took plans of the country;

and the people were taught to look up to Austria as their natural protector. The Turks, impatient of insults, struck the first blow, and plunged into the war. They lost Belgrade and Oczakow; but one of those interpositions which have so often and so signally saved the Porte, stopped the tide of Russian conquest; the Emperor Joseph died; Potemkin's views of sovereignty transpired, and Catherine, probably alarmed at treason so near the throne, suddenly checked her long-predicted march to Constantinople.

Ali had been commanded to join the Vizier with his Albanians; but he had gained his object. Hazard was now misplaced, and he had other views than those of mingling his blood with the nameless carnage of a Turkish field. He is said to have seen scarcely more than even the smoke of the Russian outposts, when he returned to his dominions to indulge in safer conquests for the aggrandizement of his personal power.

To be master of the whole of Western Greece was the grand object of his ambition. He attacked the Suliot tribe in 1791, and it is one among the many instances of the power to be found in poverty and valour, that those mountaineers resisted, and often defeated, the trained troops and regular and vast resources of the great Pasha. But twelve years of battle and privation, an extraordinary period for either attack or defence, at length wore out the brave population; and the remnant of the Suliot palikars, which had never exceeded three thousand soldiers, was reduced to capitulate in December 1803, on the terms of emigrating where they pleased. The conditions were atrociously violated, and the greater part of this valiant tribe were slain on the road to the coast. Some passed into the Russian service, and formed an Albanian battalion.

During this entire period Ali was exerting his restless sagacity in balancing between the various European interests that were alternately spring-

ing up along his borders. The victories of Napoleon made the Pasha a partizan of France for the time. The possession of the Ionian Isles by the Russians instantly converted him into a sworn friend of the Autocrat. The battle of Leipsic, and the hoisting of the British flag in Corfu, changed his policy once more, and his great passion was an intimate alliance with the Lords of the Seas. Difficult as it was to steer through those opposing interests, Ali continued his perilous navigation, perpetually obtaining some personal advantage, till he had placed himself in a state of power, which wanted only virtue to have made him monarch of Greece, in scorn of Emperor and Sultan. His knowledge of the Porte, and the skill with which he baffled its perpetual machinations against him, were admirable. In the campaign against Passwan Oglu, the Grand Vizier summoned Ali to meet him in full divan, for the purpose of receiving some signal honour for his services. The Pasha well knew what fatal honour the Porte would have conferred on a subject so prosperous. But policy compelled him to attend the divan. He approached the Vizier's tent, but it was at the head of six thousand of his Albanians. The Vizier received this formidable guest with well-dissembled courtesy, and Ali returned to his quarters in open triumph, and secret scorn.

Another memorable instance of his eluding the vengeance of his suspicious court, occurred in 1812. He had seized the neighbouring Pasha of Delvino, and flung him into prison, where he soon died, as was presumed, of hunger. Ali had long been obnoxious to the Porte, and he doubtless felt that this new murder would not be forgotten in the register of his crimes. His expedient to prove himself the victim of evil reports, was incomparable. Ibrahim Pasha, an old rival, had fallen into his hands, and after some time had disappeared. Some obscure circumstances, and the character of his conqueror, made the report of his mur-

der universal. Information of it had reached the Porte, and even the French Consul had sent the intelligence by a courier to his Minister at Constantinople. The Porte instantly despatched a public officer to Joannina, commissioned to make inquiry into the assassination, and probably, as is the established Turkish custom, to bring back the head of the offender. On his arrival and introduction to Ali, the Pasha was all astonishment, and bade the officer follow him. He led the way to an inner apartment, where, to the utter surprise of the Turk, he showed him the supposed victim, sitting surrounded by Oriental luxury, in the midst of his family. Ali now triumphed in his turn. The refutation of all previous charges was of course included in the falsehood of this. The *Capidgi Bashi* returned to Constantinople, secured by bribes, and carrying with him the means of confirming the Pasha's interest at court; and Ali was more firmly seated than ever!

The British tourists through Greece have given us a more familiar knowledge of the habits and resources of this extraordinary man, than Europeans had hitherto obtained of any of the Turkish governors. It is honorable to the intelligent curiosity of our countrymen, that they alone should have, through all the opposing difficulties of distance, the ocean, and, more formidable than both, the war, obtained for us within these few years a more complete knowledge of Continental Greece, and its sovereign, than had been acquired by the whole multitude of the French and German literati, military officers, or diplomatists, though planted on the very frontier of his dominions, embarked in public relations with his government, and even in some instances resident in his capital. How little do we know even now of the Turkish governments in the interior—from the borders of Hungary to the Black Sea! Paswan Oglu fought the Porte for twenty years of our time, and the sound of the cannon of

Widdin was scarcely beyond the ears of the Austrians, yet his history was left in almost the obscurity of an Arabian tale. Even of the half-Christian provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, constantly as they were the seat of European battle and diplomacy, and constantly pervaded by French, Russian, and German agents, the only intelligible account has been given a few years since, and that by an Englishman. Of the vast line of country, lying on a parallel from the western frontier of Turkish Croatia to the shores of the Euxine, including Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria, we are almost totally ignorant, though they run along the edge of the Austrian kingdom of Hungary. Of the whole mighty mass of country lying to the southward from the Dalmatian frontier, and known by the barbarous names of Herzegovinia and Rumelia, we are acquainted with scarcely more than a few miles inwards from the Mediterranean. To the Englishman, distance, loss of time, and ignorance of the language, must be serious obstacles to the inquiry. To the German, those must nearly vanish, overlooking, as he does, the immense region below, and able, by his various facilities, to traverse the whole country in little more than the time of the voyage from England. It is impossible to doubt, that there must be found in this huge and magnificent territory, a vast unopened volume of human nature—fine qualities, however crushed by suffering and situation—curious pictures of superb Oriental caprice, mingled with the rugged virtues and bold defiance of the dweller among the deserts—the human mind, in that mingling of degradation and nobleness, which characterizes barbarian life—society, under that strange aspect of prodigal luxuriance, and abject privation, that belongs to the dominion of the Turk, and which, whether in the gold purple of the Pasha, or the nakedness of his vassal, makes one of the most striking contemplations of the philosopher.

Ali's career was now about to close.

Without penetrating into the deeper sources of the moral, we are often compelled to observe, how near the complete possession of human objects is to a change of prosperity. A Plutarch would have given this prosperous old man eloquently down to us as the parallel to Croesus or Polycrates. But Ali deserved his fall. His career had been one continued progress of perfidy; even the proverbial treachery of the Porte had been outrun by the dexterous duplicity of the Greek; yet, while his genius was thus engaged, he might have been almost forgiven. But he loved blood. His havoc among his own gallant mountain tribes was merciless; his violation of all treaties with their remnant, was worse than barbarian, for savage life does not reject the principle of honour. The heart of all but a tiger in human shape must have shrunk at the sight of the catastrophe of Zalongo, where, we are told, that, a crowd of women and children flying from the ambush into which the Suliot exiles had been betrayed, and finding no resource but death from the insults and horrors of their pursuers, the mothers first flung their children down the rocks, and then joining hands, and screaming out some of their wild songs, whirled round and round in a dance of despair and madness, till they trod on the edge of the precipice, and all plunged below.

His slaughter of the Gardikiote clan had the stern and relentless perseverance, and the unsparing execution, of a spirit of darkness. He had laid up his resolution of vengeance for forty years. But it never slept. When his time of power came, he at length attacked the Gardikiotes in their citadel. They defended them-

selves like men who had no alternative but victory or extinction; but, after baffling the first besiegers, a large force was poured in, which carried the walls. The greater part of the tribe perished sword in hand; but their conqueror's vengeance was not yet glutted. The prisoners, to the number of seven or eight hundred, were led to a large Khan on the frontier of their district. There they were murdered. Their bodies were left above ground, and the gateway of the Khan, their sepulchre, was walled up, with the inscription, the solemn Oriental curse, written on its front,—“Thus perish all the enemies of Ali's house!” Gardiki itself was levelled with the ground, and the fierce command issued, that “it should never again become the place of human beings.” It is a striking evidence of the love of gain, compatible with the most atrocious cruelty, that in the midst of this sweeping slaughter, the Pasha seized upon an expedient for raising money, which would perhaps have escaped any other sagacity than his own. The Gardikiotes had extensive commercial dealings with Greece. He seized their books, declared himself the general representative of the dead, and, in the name of the very men whose bodies were recking under his scymitar, compelled payment of the money due to them to the last piastre. In 1819, Ali made his final acquisition of territory. The retreat of the unfortunate Pargiunotes left him without an enemy or a spoil. He was now at the summit of his ambition, and was master of Continental Greece, “from the Attic boundary of Parnes, to the rugged mountains of Illyricum.”*

(Concluded in our next.)

FAIR IDA.

A BALLAD.

“His boat is on the waters—hark!
I hear the splashing oar,
What though the wave be wild and dark,
I'll venture from the shore;

Love hath a light for deep midnight,
A compass for the sea.
For him I'll fear not ocean's might,
He is my all to me.

"And must I leave my father's hall,
Where I was gently bred,
And climb'd the knee and lip'd to all,
Unconscious what I said—
Where doatingly a mother's eye—
(Alas that it is closed!)
Gazed on me in my infancy
And watch'd while I repos'd!

"Yes—there's a dearer home for me
Within a lover's arms;
And there my head shall cradled be
In safety from alarms.
I cannot wed the man I hate—
I cannot falsely play,
Though father's threat may not abate—
Though I be spurn'd away.

"My love—he is my life to me,
My nurse, my sire, my home,
He looks upon me smilingly,
And beckons me to come.
He hath his nest of down for me,
His little timorous maid,
Where I shall cower in shelter free,
Nor fluttering nor afraid."

Thus at her window o'er the wave
That gentle maid bested,
The hour was silent as the grave,
No star was overhead.
The sea curl'd softly on the shore,
And said, or seem'd to say,
"I've hush'd for thee the billow's roar,
Come, Ida, come away,

Her lover's bark is on the strand,
His foot upon the beach,
And they are hurrying, hand in hand,
The little skiff to reach:
Her foot is on the floating plank,
Her lover close behind,
And they have left the pebbly bank,
And every fear behind.

There's light within her father's hall,
There's hurrying to and fro,
And voices from her window call,
And from the beach below—
Along the wave a carbine shot
Sings shrilly with its speed;—
Her love—for fate so drew the lot—
Her love alone must bleed.

Frantic fair Ida hears his groan;
Her hand is on the wound;
His heart's blood on her hand hath flown
With that last dying sound.
Back to the shore, go, boatmen, go,
Finish'd is your employ;
But she, the fair, what is she now,
So late the bride of joy!

A maniac on that oozy shore
At times seen wandering wild,
Addressing the rude ocean's roar,
In accents of a child;
Or from her window, at deep night,
Asking athwart the gloom,
In fancy of her lover's sprite,
The mysteries of his tomb!

THE BACHELOR'S BEAT.—NO. I.

THE skill and energy which, had I been an elder brother, might have found glorious vent at the muzzle of a Joe Manton, and objects of legitimate ambition, in five-barred gates, were directed by stern necessity to more lucrative, though more ignoble pursuits; but let no squire, even from the back of his tallest hunter, look down with contempt on his brother-sportsmen of the Bar. Foxes and lawyers have been convertible terms ever since the days of Esop; and in those of Homer, he tells us, "when Greek met Greek then came the tug of war." To follow up the doublings and windings of a cautious legal adversary, is to paltry coursing what champagne is to small beer; and le-velling to the ground a whole array of plausible arguments by one well-directed hit, is finer sport (and I speak from experience) than bringing down, right and left, a whole covey of partridges at a shot. But, alas!

I must speak in the past tense of both feats, though the latter is pre-ter-pluperfect indeed! Othello's occupation, whether of biped or quadruped warfare, has long been gone, and yet the instinctive propensity which makes the life of man one perpetual chase, compels me at this congenial season to equip myself for the field, to partake of the excitement of my fellows; nay, even to distinguish myself by the superior dignity of the game, or rather quarry I pursue.

Well may I smile in derision on the noisy preparations and rabble rout of the fox-chase! Well may I view with supercilious disdain the scientific equipments and elaborate contrivances of the subtle circumventer of the feathered tribe! Well may I bestride, with all the conscious elevation of him of La Mancha, the humble Rosinante which performs for me the office of limbs, prematurely invalidated; for aiming right and

left, as living folly catches my mind's eye, or departed excellence rises on the wave of memory, I too will be to-day a sportsman, and my game shall be Man.

But it is best hunting characters in couples, and a bottle-holder is not more essential to a pugilist, than a listener to a valetudinarian who has got upon his hobby. Gentle reader! you have only to try and provide yourself with a pony as docile and tractable as Dimple, and take a sober trot along the road with me; and as I know every man and boy in the parish, (myself excepted,) I'll tell you, as we go along, all that is worth knowing of every individual who crosses my path or my fancy. You are out of luck, if Fate does not send you an original in the first hundred yards; they are as plentiful in the parish as partridges.

But you are loitering behind already; and Dimple likes ill to be checked in his usual firm though moderate pace. Oh! you have been listening to Tom Neerdoweel's pitiable tale; and I see I am too late to prevent the misapplication of perhaps the worst spent shilling you ever took out of your waistcoat pocket.

Had we been peripatetic, instead of equestrian philosophers, and aimed at doing things *selon les regles*, that fellow would have been a treasure in the construction of a climax; for we might have ranged the world without finding anything nearer *zero* in the scale of humanity.

That long lank compound of rags and filth, whose abject appearance renders him a sort of walking libel on the species, is, as his complexion indicates, of gipsy or tinker origin, though he disdains to exercise even the equivocal industry of his tribe. Furnished with a helpmate from the same hopeful stock, he has brought into the world, and reared in absolute idleness and hereditary villainy, a brood of sturdy vagabonds, all efforts to reclaim whom have hitherto proved hopeless, and who, after being the dread and nuisance of half the parishes round, at length estab-

lished themselves in ours by the system of *squatting*, so common in the back woods of America. Taking possession, in the face of all prohibitions, of an uninhabited hovel on the estate of a good-natured laird, they stood their ground with laudable perseverance, till he was driven, by their flagrant misdemeanours, to serve on them the summary process of ejectment peculiar to Scotland, viz. taking the roof off their heads! To a previous remonstrance on the score of their barefaced depredations, Tom, like the French libeller who had written against Choiseul, boldly answered, "Folk maun live;" to which, I am sure, the laird might have replied with the Minister, "I don't see the necessity."

To describe the scenes of brutal strife—of alternate starvation and intemperate indulgence, which render the abode of Tom Neerdoweel a disgrace to human nature, would neither be profitable to you nor myself; but it might read a lesson to some who think that nature carries within itself materials of perfectibility, alike independent of the laws of God and man.

But it is my turn to linger, for I must say a few words to honest John Walker, whom I am glad to see again at work, after a brief pause given to the most natural grief that ever saddened a father's heart.

If I had searched the parish through for a contrast to the painful character chance last threw in our way, I could not have found one more complete than accident has here provided. I shall be garrulous if I begin on the subject, for I love the poor, and their fire-side virtues, and their quiet home-bred joys and sorrows. Ay, and it is impossible not to respect a man like John Walker, who, with only the produce of his own industry as a labourer, and his tidy wife's incomparable management, has reared in cleanliness and comfort, and trained to honest usefulness, nay, educated with decent Scottish pride, half-a-score of promising children, most of whom live to look up to him with filial veneration, and, I trust, to repay to his

grey hairs the toils and solicitudes which made them what they are.

From the day that John Walker married his dear industrious stirring cousin, Mattie, his pick-axe was always the first heard in the adjoining quarry, and her wheel the earliest and latest in the village; John's Sabbath suit the decentest and best brushed in the kirk, and Mattie's butter the nicest and most inquired for in the market. Few would have thought the rude quarry braes a field for a cow; but Mattie knew that if bread is the staff of life to manhood, milk is no less the panacea of infancy; and every summer night she might be seen in the gloaming with her cow's sapper and far-fetched grass on her head; while John only threw down the pick-axe to take up the spade, which made his garden worth double those of his idler neighbours.

Children came, and with them new cares and redoubled industry. They were rosy thriving urchins, more forward at six years old than puny neglected starvelings are at nine. No sooner could they lisp or totter, than they learned to fear God, and be useful. The very youngest girl (always selected for the idle employment of herding the cow) would as soon have thought of going to herd without her breakfast, as without her hymn-book and her knitting. The elder ones were chiefly boys, and though they had all the spirit and love of amusement which the name implies, no one accused them of wanton mischief, and they were fitter to leave school and go to trades at twelve, than other lads are at sixteen. If openings did not immediately offer, they had at least the strong innate disposition to work which forms a poor man's best inheritance. In the harvest-field, or the quarry, John Walker's boys could earn men's wages, and if a steady lad was wanted for a distant errand, none were like them for never loitering on the road, and then foundering a poor dumb animal to atone for idle delay.

It was just at the critical period when John had wrestled through all

the infancy of his family, and when apprentice-fees, and an impending, though unforeseen calamity, might have proved beyond his unassisted resources, that an event occurred, which, while it rewarded the manly exertions of his past life, set the character of my cottage hero in a new and no less superior point of view. An almost forgotten sea-faring uncle died, leaving a large fortune to be divided according to the laws of consanguinity, between a host of needy relations, among whom John Walker and his wife, by being cousins-german, came in for a double portion. This, by the by, I always considered as a piece of poetical justice for John's having preferred in early life his portionless Mattie to a richer damsel.

When John first came to show me the letter, announcing to him his probable succession (for there were difficulties which I of course removed) to upwards of three hundred pounds, I did not think the worse of him for a little natural exultation, and for an exuberance of joy, chiefly manifested in ejaculations of thankfulness to Providence. But when, on being put in actual possession of this unheard-of wealth, John, after reserving an apprentice fee for his eldest son, and a new gown which he insisted on buying for his wife, brought me the remainder to be carefully laid up for old age and infirmity; when the pickaxe of this village *Cæsar*, and the wheel of his diligent helpmate, were heard as early and as late as ever, while not the slightest change took place in their frugal and laborious mode of living, I set down John Walker for a philosopher, in the best sense of the word.

But John's Christian philosophy was soon destined to be tried in the tenderest point, and even there it has not failed him. He loved all his children, from his dutiful first-born, (who, though almost as tall as his father, was still the little Willy of his mother's fond remembrance,) to the child of his old age, the curly Benjamin, who climbed his knees when he

came home at even from the toils of the day. But there grew at his fire-side a creature whom few fathers could have looked on without predilection or talked of without pride. Three chubby smiling rogues of sons had been followed into the world by a sweet gentle fairy of a daughter, whose noiseless step and quiet paces soon no less distinguished her, than her flaxen ringlets, and her small though well-turned limbs. From the hour that she could smile in his face with answering consciousness, this babe was never off John Walker's knee; till, in all the childish gravity of premature womanhood, she found a nestling place on a stool at his feet, whence her fair hair gleamed in the firelight on the yet unopened boards of the large family Bible.

It is not fancy which invests beings doomed to early dissolution with rare and mysterious qualities. Ellen Walker was never a child, save in the guileless simplicity and happy innocence of that bewitching character. In premature thought, in watchful domestic cares, in tender sympathy with all around her, she was from infancy a woman; and often has her mother sighed, she knew not why, and ceased a moment to ply her busy wheel, in admiration of the intuitive thrift and instinctive order of her childish deputy.

Her father claimed the earliest cares of Ellen's affectionate heart. It was she, who, ere the dew was off the grass, cautiously slid down the steep face of the quarry with the breakfast her hand had prepared for him; it was she, who at noon duly set his chair, and flanked the huge dish of potatoes with her own gay china jug of fresh drawn milk; and late on Saturday night, when her mother, had retired to rest, it was Ellen who groped in the ample *kist* and well-stocked *anerie*, and drew forth with filial anxiety her father's Sunday suit, repaired its casual blemishes, and displayed it on the high-backed elbow-chair, to meet his opening eye in the morning.

And did he not wake to bless the being thus sent for his solace and consolation? Did there not sometimes tremble in his eye

"Tears such as pious fathers shed
Upon a dutious daughter's head?"

Yes! but ere long the character of these tears was changed, and painful anxiety mingled in every glance that rested on the earthly vessel that enclosed his bosom's treasure.

Ellen at fourteen was just blooming into womanhood. Her fairy form assumed a robustness beyond its early promise, the roses on her cheek a hardier and brighter tint, and (as she joined her first harvest field) the sober serenity of her smile sometimes gave place to the hearty, if not boisterous laugh of her companions. But it was the fullacious gleam of sunshine ushering in a cloudy and souclosed day.

An insidious and fatal disease (for which human skill has seldom, if ever, been able to devise a remedy less terrible than the immediate loss of a precious limb) gradually confined Ellen first to her chair, and then, for long months of protracted suffering to a bed of languishing, where many a painful expedient was resorted to, by the medical skill John was now happily enabled to command, to avert, if possible, an operation, to which the prejudices of the wisest of that rank oppose an almost invincible barrier. If, I could not behold without tears of sympathy the hectic flush that replaced Ellen's more expanded roses, what were a father's feelings, when he saw her growing, as he often said, "Ower bonny for a world o' sin and misery?" If I, with all my fearful sense of its importance, nay, of its being indispensable to save her life, could only urge, with reluctant importunity, her acquiescence in the cruel sacrifice of her limb, why blame too harshly the paternal scruples and maternal weakness which hesitated to enforce, till perhaps too late, a step, from which (though Ellen was a perfect model of passive fortitude) the heroism of

fourteen might well be pardoned for shrinking?

I left, when sitting out on a short excursion, John Walker's family in all the painful conflict arising from a sense of stern duty on the one hand, and the recoil of Nature from it on the other. The father in speechless anguish, the mother harassed and dejected, the poor sufferer alone, cheerful and resigned to all save an operation, of the necessity for which the strong sanguine spirit of youth could never be persuaded; while I, and every casual visitor, read in her emaciated, though still lovely, countenance, no alternative between an instant, and probably too long deferred, amputation, and a lingering death of exquisite pain and hourly decay.

How short-sighted is man in his fears, as well as in his hopes! During my brief absence, an epidemic, prevailing in the neighbourhood, entered John Walker's dwelling, and with a discriminating mercy, not the less unerring, though not always so distinctly visible, seized on the only member of his household in every sense ripe for immortality, if patient suffering and angelic resignation under long fatherly chastisement can contribute to maturity. Three days of comparatively trifling illness sufficed gently to extinguish a flame already quivering in the socket; and Ellen died as she had lived, cheering and consoling all around her; speaking of death as one to whom life had never been much, and of heaven as one whose conversation had, on her lone pillow, been for months past chiefly there.

The hand of Providence was so visible in the release of one so patient and so dear, that John laid his darling's head in the grave with the acquiescence of a Christian in a mightier Father's plan of mercy. He spoke of her sudden illness and edifying death-bed with manly composure; but there is in the breast of every parent, even the firmest and most pious, a nook, vulnerable as the heel of Achilles; and John wept like a child when he told me that his Ellen

(the lowness of whose stature threatened to be the only drawback on her beauty) had grown several inches during her illness, unobserved by any one, till she was measured for her coffin!

Oh! Labour! thou art a powerful medicine for the ills of life! What would the possessor of that princely mansion, which I see you are lingering to gaze at, give for the sound sleep and healthful appetite of my hero of the spade and pickaxe—for his contentment on earth, and his hopes beyond!

When I think on the wayward fate, the perverted talents, the blasted character of the gifted reprobate who owns that earthly paradise, and to whom it is Eden to the apostate angel; when I know that, though rich in the possession of the tenderest of female hearts, and blest with the most promising of families, he spurned from him domestic felicity, and parental enjoyment—broke that heart as a child does a neglected toy, and brought those beings into the world to mar their prospects, and add their errors to his own dread record of accumulated guilt; when I feel that his wealth cannot purchase him respect, nor his talents amusement, nor his couch of down repose, nay, nor his utter desolation and misery one sigh of human sympathy; when I see him living unbeloved and unhonoured, and know that he will ere long die unsoothed and unlamented, I feel more than ever anxious to have it known, that, if I too am a solitary and joyless individual, it has been my misfortune, not my fault to be so.

There are bachelors who shrink with petty vanity from the inference, that want of success has caused their celibacy, and would rather have it thought their callous hearts had never beat high with hopes of man's primeval happiness, than that they should thus have beat in vain. Far be from me the degrading preference! I would rather endure, as even a rejected aspirant after rational felicity, the scornful pity of fools, than be branded by the wise as one who

never owned enough of human feeling to sketch some bright vision of connubial bliss or enough of manly daring to attempt at least its realization!

I did not intend to speak of myself, but we all love to do so, and the seldom touched chord has already given that thrill, which once over, I can go on. Mine is a tale, such as, I suppose, might be told by thousands of those younger brothers, who, born with the same tastes and aspirations after happiness as the "*fruges consumere nati*," are doomed either to have these aspirations early and irremediably crushed by poverty, or nursed on sickly hope, till their fruition becomes a matter of comparative indifference, or till a second blight, more deadly from the waning vigour of the affections, casts prematurely its sear and yellow tinge over the remainder of a joyless existence.

I was bred up in boyish intimacy and hourly contact with a dazzling creature, whom to see was to admire, and whom nature had lavishly endowed with every gift, save that wealth and rank, to which, however, she possessed an indubitable passport. I loved Caroline long before I knew that I had no right to do so; and I loved her long after I became aware of the reprobation stamped by custom and ambition on such unauthorised presumption. That she loved me beyond the unsuspecting cordiality of sisterly affection, I cannot positively affirm; but I felt, and feel now, that she could have done so, had not the whole force of parental authority, and the whole strain of maternal admonition, guarded her against the admission of so heterodox a sentiment. I never told her of my love, if the mute devotion of every thought and faculty to her service, to her convenience, to the anticipation of her unborn wishes, can be called silence.—I never dreamt of marrying her, and transporting her blaze of regal attractions to the chambers of an embryo barrister, whose proverbial poverty, and congenial dulness, would have scared

Love himself out at the window. I only spent the few fatal months of expiring liberty from the Cimmerian bondage of law in rivetting fetters not the less galling and hopeless, that youth and inexperience had covered them with roses. Invested with all the perilous privileges of supposed invulnerability, and pennyless consanguinity, I rode, walked, and danced, with Caroline, on the flowery brink of a precipice, from which I was plunged headlong into an abyss of despair, and almost of guilt, by the simple circumstance of my elder brother's return from his grand tour.

His marriage with Caroline had never been hinted at, even in jest. No! it was too firmly planned, and too ardently desired, to be thus lightly spoken of, and its frustration thus idly hazarded! Things were left to their course. Alfred came, saw, conquered, or was conquered, it matters not which—the world applauded, parents triumphed, lawyers chuckled, rivals envied, and I—had a providential fever, which spared me the ceremony, and perhaps saved me from suicide.

Alfred, poor fellow! had not the slightest suspicion of my attachment, so no feeling of bitterness towards him mingled in my boyish agony. Everything boyish necessarily subsides, and on their return from a two year's residence on the Continent, I shook hands with the unconscious author of my misery, with brotherly regard, and spoke with wonderful self-command to his beautiful wife, though I did not venture to look at her, till we had met several times.

She became what her lively disposition, as well as her transcendent charms, peculiarly fitted her to be, a distinguished star in the galaxy of fashion. Alfred, naturally domestic, was either forced or insensibly attracted into her dazzling orbit. I gazed on it, as it drew all eyes and many hearts within its sphere, and wondered that mine no longer experienced its perhaps increased fascination. I ceased to envy Alfred, who shared its beams, cold and unimpas-

sioned at best, with the giddy multitude; I perceived with the scanty philosophy of three-and-twenty, that such a meteor blaze could ill replace the fireside joys even of a man with ten thousand a-year; how could it then have fed the pale lamp, and cheered the painful vigils, of a labourer for fame and for bread? I lived to thank Heaven for many an ungranted prayer; to pity the brother I once madly envied, nay, to be, under Providence, the instrument of rescuing my youth's idol from the brink of that bourne whence no female step has yet returned, of opening her eyes to the villainy of one who had nearly won her ear, by feigning all that I once felt, in short, of preserving to my happily unsuspecting brother the being of whom he had unconsciously robbed me five years before; humbled by penitence, softened by remorse, disposed by recent escape from imminent peril to cling for life to the protector from whom, like Eve, she had only strayed to render her weakness more conspicuous. Was I not happy?—happier than if Caroline in the delirium of youth and folly had shared my penury, had lived to upbraid me with it, probably to desert it, as she had nearly done the tasteful opulence of my brother?—

Yes! but I had now a home which I could fearlessly ask a being of an opposite cast to cheer for me; I had a hope at least of future competence, which I longed to share with some one who could understand that such a hope is the most vivid and least alloyed of human enjoyments. As well might the grey tints of an autumnal sky vie with the rainbow that lights up the passing cloud, as one cold reality of life emulate the colouring with which love, even the most rational and sober, invests the horizon of futurity!

In truth, the sharer of my home and heart, the being whose bright image was, like the illuminations of an ancient missal to spread light and life over the barren pages of my daily and nightly studies, had been

for some time unconsciously found; and the humble cousin of the dazzling Caroline, while she assisted with steady principle and admirable judgment in her friend's extrication from the snares of vice, cast over her willing and admiring coadjutor fascinations of a very different character.

Emma, born and bred amid the peace and seclusion of a rustic home, had resisted all her gay cousin's solicitations to visit her in town, till expressions in the letters of her volatile correspondent, combined with vague and mysterious surmises, to indicate to the wakeful eye of early affections, that a mentor, even of her own age, might be of service to Caroline. Emma no longer hesitated; and by her timely arrival and early influence over her cousin's mind, powerfully contributed to thwart the machinations of a profligate seducer, and snatch his victim from his grasp.

This, however, was not the work of a day; and in its benevolent prosecution, Emma had to make sacrifices of comfort, of inclination, nay, of health itself. To the arduous nature of the enterprise, were added forced dissipation, and hours ill according with a delicate constitution, and habits of regularity and repose. No sooner were our mutual labours crowned with success, than I myself was the first to urge Emma's removal to the country, though I now lived but in her presence, and had no rational hope of being able to follow her in less than four interminable months.

We did not part, however, without embodying in words, hopes and promises, which had been tacitly understood long before; but it was more for the pleasure of talking of them, than for making "assurance doubly sure." I did not ask if she could share and embellish the simple home of a devoted husband, whose youth had been cheerfully and unrepiningly dedicated to the helpless imbecility of a parent. She needed not to promise that her pure hand and heart should crown my mute devotion; for I knew as well as words

could tell me, that had it been otherwise, that devotion would long since have been firmly though gently repressed, by one who would as soon dreamed of trifling with religion! There was about our whole engagement "a sober certainty of waking bliss," which, whatever enthusiasts may say, leaves in the soul, when annihilated, a void, more fearful than all the devastating wrecks of passion. We parted as those part whom a day's journey divides—whom daily correspondence is to unite in idea—and whom a few months are to bring together—never again to separate!

I toiled with tenfold energy in my new beloved vocation. I earned distinction—I earned the means of embellishing the home I was preparing for my Emma; and, dedicating to this delightful employment the few short moments I could snatch from all-engrossing duty, I denied myself for two whole months the luxury of a trip to —shire. I went at last at a time of considerable legal pressure, from detecting in a second perusal of one of Emma's letters, symptoms of languor and despondence, which accorded ill with my sanguine expectations. Her health had recruited greatly on first returning to her native air; and though since silent on the subject of further progress, not a hint of increased delicacy had reached me. I was therefore the more struck with something ominous in the tone of her affectionate reply to some minute inquiries as to her taste in books and furniture; and before the thrice read letter was again in my pocket, I was on the top of the—mail.

It was late on Saturday night when I set off, and I found the church-bell had just rung when I reached S—. I flew to the house where Emma lived with her aunt; both ladies had gone to church. Thank God! I exclaimed with a fervour which first showed me the extent of my previous fears. My natural impulse was to follow them; but as the decorum of the place, as well as regard for Emma's health

and feelings, forbade the hazarding a scene by my unexpected appearance in their pew, I stationed myself in the back row of a gallery, whence I could distinctly see her motions, though not near enough to distinguish her features, even had they been less closely shaded by a white veil.

The deportment of my beloved was, as it had ever been, a model of unostentatious devotion; but it may be conceived with what intense anxiety I mingled observation of her slightest gesture, with heartfelt prayer for her preservation. There were trifles light as air, to all save a devoted bridegroom, (for lover is too profane a term to express my feelings,) which indicated delicacy.—She rose with apparent difficulty; sat during a part of the service where I was sure she would, if able, have stood; and I listened in vain for her fine mellow voice in the hymn of thanksgiving. There was in the aunt who accompanied her an evident interest in her motions, little less intense than my own. I even fancied other eyes were bent on her pew with friendly solicitude; and when the white-haired pastor, who had known and loved her from her cradle, gave out as his text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," I felt as if he was anticipating her funeral sermon! Once during its continuance she threw aside her veil, evidently for air; and though her aunt's assiduous smelling-bottle and proffered arm spoke alarm, the radiance of beauty which lighted up her countenance transported me too much to inquire whether it was of this world or another!

The moment the service was ended, I flew back to the house, and sending the servant forward to announce my arrival, installed myself in the parlour. On a sofa, whose homely appearance showed it designed for use, not ornament, lay a volume, bearing equally the marks of daily familiarity. It was *Sherlock on Death*! and I let it fall, as if it had been a viper. Others lay near, and I instinctively opened them—

Les Pensées de Pascal, Baxter's Saint's Rest, Taylor's Holy Dying!—No accidental coincidence—one awfully-engrossing thought alone—could have made these the habitual studies of a young and highly-gifted woman. The books themselves spoke daggers; but there were marginal notes, and passages marked for re-perusal, which sent a chill shudder of mortality through my frame. The piano, her favourite amusement when in health, had the dusty peculiar look of an instrument long unopened; and when I gazed out upon the little garden, there were weeds unremoved, and flowers untended, which I knew her love of order and of gardening would alike have forbidden, had strength permitted.

What boots it thus to recal gradations of mental torture?—She came in, and spite of all I had seen and felt, her buoyant step and radiant smile deceived even me for the moment. She saw it did, and with this thought seemed to come strong and sudden relief. She spoke so very cheerfully, entered so warmly into my affairs in town, and suffered me to revert so insensibly to my old habit of bright anticipations for the future, that my fears gave way beneath the magic of her smile, and I parted from her for the night almost gaily, and whispered to myself that all would yet be well.

We were to meet in the morning before I returned to town; but with the kindest message words could convey, she excused herself, on the ground (which she knew I would at once yield to) of having rather over-exerted herself last night. The truth was, she durst not let me see the pallid spectre into which morning transformed the bright and blooming vision of feverish beauty, which had dazzled even the keen eye of affection; nor could she, consistently with her strong sense of duty and self-preservation, risk a personal farewell, during which she would have felt it alike impossible and sinful further to dissemble. I departed, therefore, under that control of im-

perious necessity, which everywhere except in romances, governs the actions of men.

I had next day a difficult and complicated cause to plead; and that I did so with éclat and success, only proves how mechanically even the powers of *mind* may be exercised, and how little connexion may exist between a man's thoughts and his words. The success of this cause gained me a princely remuneration. Its instantaneous application was to send down the first physician of the day to S——; and I awaited his return in a state of mind which it were superfluous to waste words in describing. Dr. M—— devoted two days (an age in his professional life) to my beloved, and returned to grasp my hand with friendly fervour, with a tear on his care-worn cheek, to praise my angel's heroic fortitude, and to tell me with manly sincerity that her case was utterly hopeless, but that I might in all probability have the consolation of devoting to the solace of her gradual decline, the leisure of that long vacation, which puny mortal foresight had allotted for our bridal festivities! He was the bearer of a short note from Emma, so characteristic of her life and death, as to supersede all the fond garrulity of partial affection. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAREST FRANCIS,

While hope remained, I shrunk from afflicting you. Now that it has vanished, I long to comfort you. Come when you can, and let me try if I can reconcile you to live, by the same means, which by the blessing of God, have taught me how easy it is to die!

Yes! she has taught me to live, but if it has been to cherish her memory with undivided and unextinguishable affection, is there a heart that can blame, instead of pitying, the solitary bachelor?—Time dissolved the spell of youthful passion. The bonds of matured attachment were severed by the hand of Death;

and if I had neither energy nor affections to embark in a new pursuit of happiness, I have at least the hal-
lowed relics of departed joy to dwell on, and hopes of future reunion to look forward to.

THE PENITENT.

*I know not why my soul felt sad ;
I touched my life—it could not waken
Save to old songs of sorrowing—
Of hopes betrayed—of hearts forsaken.—L. E. L.*

We meet—but ah ! not thus we met
In past and happier time,
When stars grew bright, and daylight set,
In my own lovely clime :
It was not thus thou gazed on me—
Thou wert not silent then :
Such blessed hours as those with thee,
When shall I know again ?
My home ! name still most fondly loved—
Well I recall that morn
I left thee and the friends long proved,
To meet this false one's scorn :
Thou saw'st, thou know'st how wild I wept,
Each limb in anguish shook ;
I kissed my mother as she slept—
But oh ! I dared not look

Upon my aged and honored sire,
Lest in his noble face,
Though sleeping, I should read his ire,
His curse on my disgrace.
It followed soon—my mother died—
Died ! worn with grief and shame !
And he knelt there, by her dead side,
And cursed my evil name !
Yet, yet I live :—alas ! the pain
Of life when hope is o'er,
When dark despair o'erclouds the brain,
When hearts may joy no more !—
O ! thou art kind to look on me
With such contempt and hate ;
I have known guilt, deep guilt for thee—
And shame and woe's my fate !

AN EXILE'S SONG.

Still to thee, oh ! still to thee,
My spirit turns where'er I roam ;
Still in my midnight dreams I see
Thy mounts, thy vales, my cottage home—
And feels my brow thy breezes bland,
Once more, beloved Switzerland !

Once more thy mountain-waters sound
Like sweetest music on mine ear ;
And old familiar scenes around

Speak to my heart of hours most dear ;
Hours passed with her, when, hand in hand,
We trod thy paths, dear Switzerland !

It is a joy, though but in dreams
To be as in time past with thee ;
For oh ! on distant shores all seems
Dreary, and cold, and sad, to me :
My heart breaks 'neath the harsh command
Which parts us, lovely Switzerland !

TRAVELS IN THE SUBTERRANEAN REGIONS OF THE GLOBE.

NO. II.—SEE PAGE 220.

INEVITABLE danger, inspires even the most timid with an impulsive courage, and imparts to the brave an indifference towards either life or death. Aware, therefore, that our present situation could hardly become worse, I determined upon proceeding at once to the village, notwithstanding the advice of my companion, who urged that it would be more prudent to conceal ourselves until we should see what kind of beings we should have to deal with. On entering what appeared to be the principal street, we met a number of animals who bore a considerable re-
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semblance to ouran-outangs, and who, as soon as they perceived us, set up a loud cry, rushing into their dwellings, whence they peeped at us through the windows with looks in which were mingled curiosity and terror. The younger animals scampered from us as fast as they could, just as a crowd of urchins would at the sight of a couple of bears; and the only salutation we obtained from them was a volley of sticks and stones. Notwithstanding this truly ominous reception, we proceeded onward, I armed with my cutlass, and Michael with his hatchet, deter-

mined in case of necessity to defend ourselves to the last. Having reached a kind of open square, we found it filled with a crowd of these animals, who had provided themselves with cudgels and pikes, and were drawn up in hostile array, as if expecting to be attacked. Making, therefore, a halt, we gave them to understand, by signs, that our intentions were perfectly peaceable; upon which, one of them ventured to step forward, but with evident caution, stretching out his head as much as possible, in order to reconnoitre our persons with his diminutive eyes, which were scarcely larger than those of the Ignorantians. He then inquired of me, in the Malay tongue, who we were, and whence we came. To these queries I was obliged to return the same replies as I had done to the Ignorantians, imploring their hospitality towards two distressed strangers. The spokesman of the crowd, turning round to his companions, informed them of our request, saying that we called ourselves men, and pretend to come from a country a great way off, and above their heads, "Men!" exclaimed several of the animals; "what strange creatures! what singular figures!" and then they all burst out into a loud, stunning laugh. "Well," cried their leader, "since we find that you are neither goblins nor wild beasts, as we at first imagined, but apparently harmless creatures, we will entertain you among us." "Give me leave," said I, "to inquire to whom I am obliged, and what this place is called?" "The name of our country," replied he, "is Skotiniya,* and we reckon ourselves the most civilised and enlightened nation of all with which we are acquainted. But of this we will talk hereafter; let me first introduce you to my countrymen." We now approached the crowd, who soon formed a circle round us, viewing us from head to foot with the greatest attention and curiosity. I, on my part, scrutinised

them with no less wonder, and discovered that they were all exceedingly short-sighted, so much so that they could hardly see beyond their noses. They begged our permission to become acquainted with us by handling our persons, the structure of which occasioned them no small astonishment, particularly our eyes, which they considered to be of most extraordinary size, and contrary to all their ideas of beauty. Their own, as I have already remarked, were exceedingly small, being not much larger than a pin's head; but this deficiency was amply compensated by an enormous extent of ear, which imparted to them no small degree of asinine appearance. They were equally gifted with regard to amplitude of mouth, that useful aperture reaching from ear to ear; while a snout, resembling that of a baboon, completed the *tout-ensemble* of their countenance. Their bodies were covered with soft, shaggy hair of various colours; and their whole dress consisted of a Scotch philibeg, and a cloak that nearly reached their loins. While the crowd were criticising our persons, one of the higher class of these animals, attracted by the news of our arrival, came to satisfy his curiosity. This consequential creature galloped up to the spot where we were standing, in a strange kind of vehicle drawn by four marmosets, which he drove himself, and seemed to pride himself not a little upon his dexterity. As soon as he stopped, the crowd made way, when alighting from his car, and giving the reigns to his attendant, (who, by the by, looked the less uncouth animal of the two,) he abruptly asked if we knew who he was. To this extraordinary demand I replied in the negative. "Impossible!" cried he; "what have you not heard of the celebrated Durindoss, the inventor of no fewer than half a dozen pies and thirteen new sauces? It was I who first conceived the idea of attaching these little bells to various parts

* *Skot*, in Russian, signifies cattle; therefore, *Scotiniya* literally signifies *Beast-land*.

of our dress ; it was I who, by my profound study, discovered the means of stretching the ear far beyond its natural extent ; nor am I less distinguished for my patronage of all the fine arts ; all the rhyme-spinners and prose-weavers of Skotiniya look up to me for protection and encouragement." In this modest strain did Durindoss continue to harangue us for about an hour, expatiating on his own extraordinary endowments, and exhausting all the laudatory epithets with which his language supplied him, in commendation of himself ; not forgetting to inform us, that among his other admirable qualities, he was considered the greatest eater in all Skotiniya. While this phoenix was thus employed in eulogising, with the utmost sincerity, his own prodigious talents and virtues, I was studying the fashion of his attire, which was certainly more fantastic than that of the rest, having a great number of little bells sewed on various parts of it ; and the prodigious length of his ears convinced me that he must be an object of envy to his countrymen for his superiority in this respect. Anxious to secure the favour of one who prided himself on his connoisseurship in sauces, and who studied cookery both practically and theoretically, I assured him that had he but announced his name at first, I should have known at once whom I had the honour of seeing ; for his reputation had extended even to the country I came from ; and I considered myself highly fortunate in becoming acquainted with one known every where as the patron of all that conduces to the diffusion of science or of art. This little compliment procured for me, as I expected, an invitation to the residence and table of Durindoss, who assured me moreover, that I should there meet with all the talent, fashion, and quality of Skotiniya.

Before I proceed to give an account of what most struck me during my short stay in this country, I ought to inform my readers that the ridiculous boasting, vanity, self-assurance, and

sottish ignorance, displayed by my host, were by no means peculiar to himself, but merely traits of the national character. I am sorry, therefore, that I have been obliged to give a portrait of him so little prepossessing, for in other respects I discovered him to be very humane and hospitable,—and I almost fear that I shall be considered ungrateful ; but national defects can hardly be imputed as a fault in an individual. In short, the only thing to be objected to in Durindoss, is, that he had the misfortune to be born in Skotiniya.

On accompanying him home, I found that his dwelling consisted of apartments which were sunk under ground like so many cellars, leaving little more than the roof projecting above the surface,—a style of building that is here considered particularly beautiful and magnificent. There were, of course, no windows, but the rooms were lighted with lamps. Scarcely had we entered, ere our host proposed that we should recruit ourselves by trying the virtue of some of his own pies, which were accompanied by truffles and wine, all of which we found to be in excellent taste. Having satisfied the demands of hunger, I now began to attend to the cravings of curiosity, eager to become acquainted with all the physical and moral peculiarities of my new abode. I learnt from my host that there was no distinction of day and night, as with us ; the degree of light always continuing the same. "How, then," inquired I, "do you divide your time ?" "By eating and drinking : four dinners and three sleeps make four-and-twenty hours ; three of these portions form a week, twelve weeks a month, and twenty-four months a year." "Yet have you no machine or contrivance for an accurate measurement of time ?" "Certainly we have, and if you please you may here examine one." He then brought me one of these instruments, which consisted of a transparent jar, constructed upon nearly the same principle as our hour-glasses : the chief difference was that it was filled

with wine instead of sand. "But I am anxious," said I, "to learn something respecting the geography of your country, and to ascertain what progress you have made in scientific knowledge." "This is not much in my way," returned Durindoss; "for although my attainments are universal, I occupy myself principally with the fine arts and belles lettres, that is, cookery, dress, criticism, satire, poetry, &c. But to-morrow I shall have a large party to dinner, among whom will be many learned men; they will satisfy you on these points. One of them is a very great theoretical genius, who has computed how many grains of sand there are in the whole earth, and how far it is to its centre. He has likewise ascertained the nature of mind, and many other difficult metaphysical questions; and, in short, knows all the secrets of nature, from the infinitely little to the infinitely great.

Here our conversation broke off, for my host informed me that it was now time to retire to sleep, a piece of intelligence I was not sorry to receive, as I stood greatly in need of repose. Accordingly I was shewn into a little cell which was to be my chamber, and throwing myself down on my couch, slept so soundly that I did not awake until Durindoss himself came to inform me that the guests were already assembled. I followed him to the dining-room, where I found about thirty persons, to whom I was introduced as a stranger of extraordinary talents; for, from the questions I had put to him, my entertainer had conceived that I must be a great philosopher myself. I was instantly surrounded by the company, every one of whom immediately began to inform me of his own astonishing abilities, in a style that reminded me of certain worthies in our part of the globe, who, unwilling that merit should be concealed, trumpet forth their own praises in newspaper advertisements.* It was a

style, nevertheless, which, however accustomed to it in print, I had never yet met with *viva voce*,—at least not to such an extent. Among the first who addressed me was a diminutive little figure, who carried a musical instrument not much unlike the *gusli*. "You must know," said he, in a squeaking tone, "that I am the first philosopher in all Skotiniya, and have long been employed in erecting a monument to my own talents." Seeing that I did not exactly comprehend him, he explained himself, by informing me that he was writing a book which would comprise all the learning of past ages, and all that could possibly be discovered in future. "It is true," continued he, "envious people laugh at me; but when the work appears it will cover them with confusion, for they will then see how, in the compass of a few pages, I have given the substance of all knowledge,—the whole circle of arts and sciences; and that the greatest of my predecessors seem merely to have borrowed my ideas by anticipation.

No sooner had this original ceased speaking, than another, seizing hold of me by the hand, exclaimed,—"Have you ever, in your country, met with one who, without having studied any branch of learning, is acquainted with them all, and capable of giving his opinion without hesitation? I can truly say that I can do this. I have corrected numberless erroneous opinions and theories that have hitherto prevailed. I have enlightened my countrymen, removed their prejudices, and founded a new era in morals and practical philosophy. I am at once the guide and the voice of public opinion here." How long he might have continued to descant on his own stupendous talents I know not, for happily at this instant dinner was brought in, and my philosopher was the first to secure himself a good place at table. My host seated me between himself and

* These gentlemen merely follow the precedent of Cicero himself, who, requesting a puff from a literary friend, observes, "*Latens hand erubescens*."—*Transl.*

an old man, who readily satisfied my curiosity, replying to the various questions I put to him from time to time. At the commencement of the repast an almost total silence prevailed, the guests being too much occupied with filling their great mouths, to let any words come out of them; for I must confess that their appetites did not seem very metaphysical. In reply to some queries which I put to my neighbour respecting the geography and natural history of the country, he informed me, that Skotiniya might be compared to a large cauldron with a cover, in the centre of which was an aperture, whence proceeded all the light and heat they enjoyed. "Our learned men," continued he, "have never yet been able to give any satisfactory account of the source whence the light proceeds; on the contrary, they rather employ themselves in empty chimeras and frivolous disputes. Notwithstanding our shortsightedness, each piques himself on the excellence of his vision, and to convince the world of it, refuses the use of candle or other light. But what I most blame in our philosophers, as they style themselves, is their very unphilosophical irritability; for if any one throws the least doubt on any of their assertions, they load him with the coarsest abuse. Take care, therefore, how you venture to contradict any of these gentry." I thanked my informant for his advice, and being rather pleased with his seeming good sense, took the liberty of inquiring whom I had the honour of addressing. He informed me that he was one of the judges of the city. "Then," observed I, "I presume you understand the system of your laws perfectly, and can furnish me with some information respecting them." "Pardon me," returned he, "but I have never attempted to explore such a chaos. Instead of perplexing myself about such a mess of contradictions, I adopt a very simple plan, that saves myself a great deal of useless trouble,

and answers every purpose quite as well. I decide every question that comes before me by a pair of dice.* If I throw an even number, it is in favour of the plaintiff; if an odd one, of the defendant: and I find that chance settles the matter with as much equity, and certainly as much impartiality, as could be effected by any other way; to say nothing of the promptitude of this mode of decision." "Yet, surely," said I, "where the fortunes of whole families are at stake, a little examination into the case would not be amiss." "Pho! why plague one's self to weigh an affair with nicety, when after all one might determine amiss? Besides, of what importance is it to the community at large, which of the parties gains or which loses, since both cannot come off triumphant. "But justice! equity!"—"Depends,—as it would do after every precaution,—upon chance."

My attention was here called off from this model of jurisprudence, by the very animated conversation of the other guests, who, having satisfied their appetites, were now giving loose to their tongues with redoubled energy, and with a vehemence of action that denoted more earnestness than urbanity; every one defending his own opinion with the utmost force of his lungs. The only person who seemed at all tranquil was the host, who, when applied to for a decision, merely uttered, Hum! Ha! and continued to sip his wine very composedly. At length, to such a pitch did the uproar proceed, that fearing the angry gestures of the disputants would actually turn to blows, he proposed that the party should break up. Perceiving that I was by no means delighted with this specimen of his countrymen's philosophy, Durindoss invited me to pay a visit to his wife, who had an *at-home* that evening; hoping that I should be better pleased with the beauty and fashion of Skotiniya, than I had been with its learning.

* This is rather an old story for our Russian author to incorporate with his account of a new nation.—*Ed.*

MAY-DAY IN THE VILLAGE.

A SKETCH.

THE sun had scarcely risen over Elmwood village, when nearly all its inhabitants had left their beds, and were rambling through the fields, and along the hedges, to gather green branches and fresh flowers to deck the Maypole, around which the old and the young were to assemble, when Evening, the friend and patroness of innocent amusement, paced in her shadowy mantle over earth. It was the morning that ushered in "the merriest month of all the year," and in the whole village there was but one aching heart. Nearly opposite the spot in which, "time out of mind," on such festal occasions, the villagers had held their joyous meetings, was the neat but humble cottage in which Mary Edmonds and her children dwelt. She was a stranger, who had been about three years a resident amongst them and by her kind and gentle manners, her continual anxiety to lessen all their difficulties, and to administer to all their wants, and, above all, by that air of gentility which marked her as evidently superior to the situation she then filled, she had succeeded in gaining not only their esteem, but their affection.

Awakened from sleep that was seldom unbroken, she opened her lattice window, and looked forth upon the laughing crowds, in whose joy she could not participate, and listened to the merry singing, for which her heart had no echo, their voices were loud and cheerful, as they sung the song that had been their favourite, perhaps for ages :

It is the merry month of May,
That laughs all wintry cares away ;
O, the merry, merry May !

Now we have had our April showers,
And merry May will bring us flowers ;
O, the merry, merry May !

She comes in robe of red and green,
So gay, with diamond gems between ;
O, the merry, merry May !

Then look upon her cloudless sky,
And hear her herald lark on high ;
O, the merry, merry May !

Then drive all wintry cares away,
And laugh, and be like merry May ;
O, the merry, merry May !

Mary Edmonds listened to the gay song of her neighbours ; but they little knew the feelings to which their merriment had given rise. The day was to her, one which brought to her recollections the most sad ; and when they passed on their way rejoicing, she turned from her window, and bitterly wept.

It was well known to all the neighbourhood, that some cloud shadowed her hopes and her prospects ; for in her countenance and manner there was that expression of deep though uncomplaining sorrow, which seldom arises from any wound but that which rankles in the heart, and for which the world's blessings can never provide a cure. Her cottage was neatly and tastefully furnished. It was evident that she possessed a competency sufficient to secure the possession, not only of necessaries, but of comforts. All who knew her were her friends, and it was almost impossible that she could ever have had an enemy. Her habits and her temper were peculiarly domestic and placid, and her children were all that a mother could wish in them—beautiful, interesting, and beloved by all. The unhappiness (for every one felt that she was unhappy) of Mary Edmonds, was therefore a mystery to all the villagers. No one could divine the source from whence it arose. Many indeed were the guesses as to its origin ; for though they had often heard her children talk of a father, they had never heard her speak of a husband : and when she came amongst them, her dress was not that of a widow.

The day of merriment had passed, and the evening had summoned the old and the young of the village to

the open plain that fronted Mary Edmonds' dwelling. She was sitting on the green bank, beneath the aged tree that shadowed the cottage-gate; and as the mingled sounds of music and laughter from the neighbouring crowd met her ear, she pressed her hand to her brow, and seemed absorbed in thoughts that were even more than usually melancholy.

Her little boy had been for some time leaning his head on her lap, and, as he found himself still unnoticed, at length he raised his tearful eyes, looked in her face, and asked her why she was so sad, when every body was so happy?

"Put away your daisies, Jane," said he to his young sister, who was sitting by his mother's side, arranging a nose gay of wild flowers—"Put away your daisies, and come and kiss mamma, for she is weeping."

At this moment, a stranger appeared standing within the cottage-gate; he wore a dark riding-cloak, the cape of which he held to his face, with the evident intention of concealing his features; and remained for a while unnoticed by those he was so earnestly contemplating.

"Mamma, mamma, do not look so sad!" exclaimed both her children, and Mary Edmonds turned and smiled through her tears as she kissed them.

The stranger advanced a few steps nearer to the group, and withdrew the cloak that more than half hid his face. The expression of his countenance was melancholy also; but it was a melancholy mingled with remorse—very different from that of the woman on whom he was so intently gazing. The fall of his cloak appeared to be accidental; for in an instant he resumed the disguise, and continued to look upon the mother embracing and weeping over her children.

He had not continued in this posture many minutes, before he attracted the attention of the little boy, who pointed him out to his mother. She rose and politely curtsied to the stranger.

"If you are going to join the crowd of merry villagers, sir," said she, "you have but to pass this corner, and you will see the light hearted and happy."

The stranger made no reply.

"Or, perhaps, sir," she continued, "you are on your way to the village inn; yonder road will lead you to it, but you will find it deserted now."

Still the stranger gave her no answer; and while she stood gazing with some surprise upon him, she saw his bosom heave as if in violent agitation, and a suppressed sob appeared to shake his whole frame.

"You do not know me, Mary?" said he.

Mary Edmonds looked at him fixedly, and while she gazed, he let the mantle fall from his face. She sank upon the green sward from which she had risen, and appeared to exert more than human strength, while she replied to his question.

"Too well do I know that voice, and those features.—Go, my children," said she, "and wait within until I come to you." The little ones immediately passed through the gate, and entered the cottage.

The stranger instantly fell at Mary's feet, embraced them, and wept like a child.—"Oh!" said he, "I cannot ask for pardon; but, for the love of Him who died for sinners, give it to me, Mary—give it to me!"

Mary Edmonds took her husband's hand, and her tears fell fast upon it:—"Oh! why did you desert me?" were the only words she could utter.

"Oh! I have wronged you," he answered, "but I have suffered deeply—most deeply: by day and by night the bitterest remorse has been with me, until my life became a burden, and I have come, on my knees to obtain forgiveness, or to depart from you and die. For the sake of those little ones—I have never seen one of them until this night—forgive me, Mary! For the sake of that God you have always loved, and who has given me a broken and a contrite heart,—forgive me, Mary! Forgive me, even on the return of the very

day on which, like a wretch, I left you !”

Mary Edmonds had deeply felt the wrongs she had suffered : deserted by the husband in whom had centered all her earthly hopes and affections,—at the moment, too, when his cares and attentions were rendered doubly necessary,—she had struggled, and not altogether in vain, to forget the days—the words—the looks—the actions of pure and devoted love, in the remembrance of the sin by which he had been led

away—the surest death-blow to a woman's peace, and to a woman's pride. But she was a wife and a mother ; and the parent of her children, the object of her early and disinterested attachment, was before her—a penitent ! She knew that in heaven there is joy over a sinner that repenteth ; and few will blame her for raising her husband from the ground, and, amid weeping and thanksgiving to the Almighty for his restoration to virtue, receiving him again to her home and her affections.

JANUARY AND MAY ; OR, AGE AND YOUTH.

CAROLINE ST. CLAIR was sitting in a bower, on a terrace overlooking the lake of Geneva, her whole soul occupied in sketching the magnificent prospect that lay extended before her : the light was suddenly obscured ; and looking up surprised, she beheld the opaque form of lord Lumbercourt standing directly before her—his back to the view, and his large grey eyes fixed with extraordinary seriousness full upon her face. She smiled ; “ Won't you sit down, my lord ? I did not expect ”—“ You did not expect such an interruption.”—“ Such a foreground,” said Caroline, laughing ; “ for I was just considering what I should introduce in the foreground of my picture.”—“ I fear, Miss St. Clair, I have no chance of ever being in the foreground of *your* picture,” said the peer, sitting down close to her.—“ Very little, certainly at present,” said Caroline, colouring, “ for I fancied that a donkey would be the most picturesque animal, and I was longing for one just at the moment your lordship appeared ; but it is really impossible to take or mistake you for a donkey.”—“ Then you really don't think me quite an ass ?” said he.—“ It would be the surest proof that I was one myself, if I did,” said Caroline ; and she began to talk upon trifling ordinary topics ; but all the labour of supporting this talk devolved upon

herself. He answered only in short and absent phrases of rejoinder or assent, and sat twirling and rolling a piece of drawing paper, with that hasty nervous trepidation which marks great internal embarrassment and agitation, and which people so often feel, when they have formed a determination to do or say something of vast importance, that they know not how to set about.

“ You seem very uneasy, my lord,” said Caroline, “ I am afraid you are suffering.”—“ I am, indeed,” said he, with a sigh.—“ Indeed ! and is it in your toe ?”—“ Hang the toe !” he hastily exclaimed.—“ Is it so bad ?” said the lady, quite tenderly, thinking his vehemence arose from the twinge.—“ It is here !” said his lordship emphatically, laying his hand on his heart ; but Caroline, who was looking at her drawing, mistook this motion.—“ In your stomach ! the gout in your stomach ?”—“ Hang the gout ! Can a man have no other complaint than that cursed gout ?”—“ Indeed,” said Caroline, looking up astonished, and beginning to think the gout had reached his head, “ I did not know you *had* any other complaint, my Lord.”—“ It is not the gout, Miss St. Clair. Don't talk of the gout—forget it, I pray you.”—“ I am very glad you can forget it, I am sure—it is a sign it is going off ;—but what then is the

matter, my lord? Is it your head?"

"It is my heart!"—"Is that all?" exclaimed the lively girl, laughing.

"Nay, Miss St. Clair, don't laugh at me, at least."—"Every body will laugh at you, my lord. Every body laughs at complaints of the heart. Expect no pity."—"From you I did expect it," said he in a tone and with a look that brought a blush over her lovely laughing face:—"from you only I wish it."—"No one wishes to be pitied, I think," said Caroline, looking confused.—"I do—I wish for *your* pity;—for pity is akin to love."—"A little more than kin and less than kind, perhaps," said the lady, not knowing very well what she was saying.—"Kind! yes, you are kind!—kind to all—kindness itself! Do not be unkind only to me."

Her blushes betrayed her internal embarrassment; but, rallying her spirits, she playfully said, "No! I will be very kind to you, my lord! for look what I have delivered you from!"—shaking an ear-wig from the sleeve of his coat.—"O! Miss St. Clair! I wish you could read my heart, and see!"—"See all the pangs you talk of! I have no pleasure in seeing pangs, nor yet in hearing of them; and the pangs of the heart are nothing compared to real pangs—to the gout for instance."

"You speak from experience, I presume," said his lordship, rather in a tone of pique.—"Of the gout, my lord?"—"Of the heart, Miss St. Clair."

"Then if you think me a sufferer under those terrible pangs of the heart," said Caroline, laughing, "at least admire the uncomplaining patience with which I bear them."

"Dearest Miss St. Clair! I do admire—adore you!"—She looked frightened, and was hastily attempting to effect her retreat, but he detained her.—"Nay, do not go! do not fly from me! At least tell me!"—he hesitated, and seemed unable to speak out—"tell me—since you seem to understand complaints of the heart so well—tell me that you will cure mine."

"O! they will cure themselves! Only let them alone, and never mind them. Think on something else;—and, above all, never talk of them.—Complaints of the heart soon go away."

"O! you little know what some hearts endure."—"O! all hearts can endure a great deal without the smallest damage. Hearts are hard things."—"Is *yours* so hard?"—"Yes, *impenetrably* hard," she said with a look and tone of such meaning, that he felt the ice close over him, and relapsing into silence and nervous perturbation, betook himself, with more assiduity than ever, to rolling up the drawing-paper.

Caroline herself felt very awkward and uneasy—and the more silent he became, the more incessantly did she talk—though certainly without eliciting much attention from his lordship, who very evidently did not know what she was saying—neither indeed did she very well know herself. He looked so mortified and miserable, that, pitying his uncomfortable feelings, she said with great sweetness, "You don't look at my little sketch, and this is one of my very first attempts in drawing from nature. I want to know if you think it like!"

"Like every thing you do—like yourself—perfection."—"Nay," said Caroline, laughing—"You said I took *you* for a great ass—but it is *me* you take for a little ass."

He seized her hand, but, coloring all over, she hastily withdrew it, and starting up, exclaimed, in great confusion, "I—I must go—I forgot something."—"No, no—dearest Miss St. Clair!—do not leave me—stay one moment."—"I cannot, my lord!" said Caroline, breaking from him, "I forgot!—I left a paper—a letter—open—on the table—I must go and get it"—and she would have fled, but he took hold of her dress, and held it firmly. "At least let me go with you," he said very gravely and respectfully—"do not fly from me thus. Surely you are not afraid of me?"—"O no! no!—I only—forgot—I had left a paper very foolishly; and stooping to pull a rose, and smelling to it with great diligence,

she again made an attempt, as they walked toward the house, to talk upon common subjects, but in a very embarrassed manner, and with no better success than before. They entered the drawing-room, where there certainly were divers pieces of paper upon the table, one of which Caroline hastily seized, and would as hastily have run off with, though it was only an invitation to a *soirée*, had he not prevented her.—“Miss St. Clair !”—gasped his lordship, quite out of breath with the laborious exertions he had made to keep pace with her along the terrace—“You—must—not go.”—“I want to get my drawing things,” said Caroline.—“Never mind them,” gasped his lordship.—Never mind his lordship rather, would have been her determination, if he had not held her hand—she could not escape. “Let me get you some wine and water, my lord. Let me ring for Gregory,” trying to disengage herself.—“No—you—you only can be”—“Have some raspberry vinegar”—“My sole restorative,” he uttered, continuing his own speech with difficulty, and not attending in the least to the vinegar proposition—“Only give me time”—“And me patience,” thought Caroline, who plainly saw what she had to undergo ; and as he puffed and wiped his brows, and puffed still more with vexation, because he puffed so much, she had no resource but resignation and sitting still. It was now her turn to twist and twirl between her fingers the piece of paper she had picked up, and to be silent—though not absent—and it was his turn, as soon as he recovered his breath, to speak. He told her, with all the earnestness and sincerity of truth, and with all the embarrassment and difficulty that mark a true attachment, how truly and devotedly and irrevocably he loved her ; how entirely the whole happiness of his future life depended upon her ; and how exclusively her happiness should be the whole object of his, if she would allow him to devote it to her.

Rallying her spirits, she attempted to interrupt him, and to laugh it off, by treating it *en badinage*—as a jest.—“You don’t really think me in jest,” said he, pressing her hand, and fixing his eyes upon her. She coloured crimson ; the mantling blush rushed over her beautiful polished brow and cheeks ; she raised her eyes, with one glance of conscious self-convicted acknowledgment, then instantly dropped them beneath his.—“Affection—O how unlike you ! dearest Miss St. Clair !”—he murmured, again seizing her reluctant hand.—“You know that I am sincere, you know that my whole heart and soul are yours, that I love you as I never loved woman. O do not trifle with me !”—“I will *not* trifle with you, my lord ! You do not deserve that I should—I only wished to have spared you, to have spared myself this scene. I feel your preference most gratefully, but I never can return it.”

His supplications, and protestations, and lamentations, may easily be conceived. He could not bear to relinquish his suit ; he petitioned hard for the smallest hope, for time, for permission only to try to alter her determination against him by patient perseverance, to recommend himself to her affection by any sacrifices, to become what she would wish him. She was gentle, but inexorable ; till at last, in despair, he went down upon his knees, in order to melt her obduracy. She could scarcely refrain from laughing—he looked so inexpressibly ridiculous. The awkward constraint and painful posture of the stiff swelled limbs, the odd contortions he involuntarily made, and the absurd figure of this unwieldy, infirm, gouty old man, in this attitude, would really have overset the gravity of a judge. But she behaved admirably, and without a visible smile besought him to rise. He remained, however, rooted to the spot, and speechless. Having implored him to rise till her patience was exhausted, she said—“I must insist upon it that you rise !” “But I

can't!" said the unfortunate peer. At this confession, and the rueful face with which it was uttered, her gravity was utterly overcome, and she was seized with a fit of laughter, which, from her attempts to suppress it, shook her internally so violently, as to render her incapable of assisting her noble lover to get upon his legs. In vain she tried to push him up by the shoulders; the half-smothered

laughter which nearly convulsed her, and which he had the mortification of hearing, made her powerless as an infant, so that her exertions, united with his own, utterly failed to accomplish the erection of his ponderous body; and she was obliged, at last, to ring the bell for some more able arm. She then ran out of the room, and gave free vent to the mirth she could no longer restrain.

THE MOTH WITH THE GOLDEN WINGS.

HONEST Beber was a poor, merry-hearted denizen of the ancient city of Bassora; and if goodness of heart were querulous as to its habitation of flesh, it would have had just grounds to complain of being lodged in so dilapidated a tenement as the body of Beber. To hear him speak—to see him laugh—was to hear the voice of the nightingale from the throat of an alligator; and his smiles, as they lit up the lines of his shrivelled, bark-like countenance, were as the flashings of inestimable jewels through the ruins of a leathern casket. It had moreover pleased Allah to place the seal of darkness upon one of Beber's eyes; and probably fearing his temper under such a calamity, he had most wisely deprived his servant of his teeth; he had, furthermore, looped up a few considerable lines in one of Beber's legs; and that pride on this should not seek refuge in his servant's hands, Allah had graciously paralyzed one of his believer's arms. Was pride expelled the body of Beber? in such a ruined hovel of human clay did pride still find a peg whereon to hang her looking-glass? Alas! yes; Beber was proud. He would say, "There is happiness sufficient unto all men, praised be Allah! If all have not a bale of cloth, there is also none but hath a thread. It is true, if I am stricken upon the right cheek, I must turn me round to look for the hand; and if

he that buffets me can run with the gazelle, my legs may keep me from the crime of slaying; if two hands are needful for a thief, glory to Allah who hath ordained his servant honest; if honey-cakes make war upon the teeth, I may indulge with safety. I am half blind, lame, toothless, and have but five serviceable fingers: but there is but one God, and he is great—I have not an ugly nose." Hereupon would Beber send forth a laugh—and such a laugh! His joy would issue from his throat, as though it had to troll over so many pebbles placed by some evil genius in his larynx. His laugh was composed of several sounds of a distinct, clinking sharpness—every note proceeding, as it were, from the movement of the before-named impediments. Pride, in most cases, arises from the possession, or the fancied possession of some valuable quality: Beber was ingenious—he could only pamper his spirit upon the absence of ill. "We are never wholly destitute," he would say; "where Allah denies the waters of the fountain, he gives the sands of the desert."*

Beber was in the employ of an old Persian in the city, who had for forty years been prying into the profound secrets of nature. Sefy, it was said, would for nights search for the heart of a firefly, and would for a week thumb over a mineral or a stone. He was old, ugly, and choleric. His

* Le douzieme azore du Koran prescrit de se laver le visage, la tete, les bras, et les jambes avant de prier. A défaut d'eau, de la poussiere peut suffire.—BEAUVOISIN.

face was the colour of sun-burnt marble; his greedy, deep sunk eyes, overshadowed by their long wiry brows, were likened, in the language of his slaves, to two ravenous and crouching jackals watching from sepulchres. His beard was stained a deep black, which shaken by the palsy in his head, gave him the appearance of a merciless and devouring goule. "The neighbours say," thus Beber would sometimes soliloquize, "that my master Sefy, looks into matters deeper than those of insects and of stones; that he has visits from the genii—upon which occasions his house shoots up and spreads out like a sunflower, and branches forth into kiosks and pavilions; all of which, however, melt away with the mist of the morning, leaving nothing but his old studying-place." One morning Beber was so strongly possessed with the belief of his master's dispositions towards magic, that, instead of pursuing his task with his fellow-labourers, of searching among the surrounding fields of Bassora for flies and pebbles, he entered a burial-place, and seating himself beneath a cypress-tree, spent the whole of the day in intense but unprofitable cogitations. At length evening arrived, and Beber then became awakened to the folly of his conduct; and rallying the little philosophy he possessed, he determined to betake him, although empty-handed, and fearful of the bastinado, to his master. "Let me," said Beber, "but pass through the night with an uncracked skin, and master Sefy may give coffee to and wash the feet of Zatania himself, ere I again set going the machinery of my wit to the danger of my soles." With this resolution Beber arrived at the mansion of his master, who cast an evil eye upon the tardy servant, whilst anger seemed to aid the effect of palsy. "Slave! shew me an excuse for this delay: come produce your stores." Now it so happened that all Beber's fellows had been more than usually fortunate, and had presented their master with some of

the rarest specimens of the insect and mineral kind: therefore the fault of Beber, when he informed his master of his want of success, appeared most iniquitous. "Slave!" exclaimed Sefy, and the foam of passion streaked his black beard, "go to my museum, and there await me:"—"There is but one God, and he is great," softly murmured the unfortunate Beber; and he stepped with as much caution to the appointed place, as though he was treading the hair-breadth bridge of Al Sirat.

When Beber entered the museum, whether his precarious situation more awakened him to the peculiarity of the place, is not recorded; but it is certain, on this occasion, he was more impressed with its appearance than heretofore. "There is but one God, and he is great," exclaimed Beber; "then why should men thus triumph over the lesser creatures?" This benevolent question was evidently excited by the peculiarity of the apartment, of which every atom was studded with living insects, impaled on wire. There were some thousands of wings beating convulsively: the whole room seemed instinct with life; Beber felt as if he were enclosed by four breathing walls. "He who for pastime runs pins through the bowels of beautiful and harmless flies, will feel but little for the flesh of man," thought Beber; and the sweat trickled to his knees, and his very bones were cold. "Wretch that I am!" continued he: "I have been the guilty partner of these crimes: I have torn these lovely creatures from the sun, the dews, and the flowers, to have their soft velvet bodies pierced with iron! Surely he who wantonly crushes a fly, would, had he the power, blacken the rainbow, or strike out the stars." Beber's heart was newly opened by the scene of suffering which surrounded him; and not knowing how long he might remain without being himself impaled in the middle of the room, as the grand central ornament of the museum, he resolved to do all the good that yet was in his power. The eye of Beber

was suddenly attracted by a large and beautiful Moth, fixed at the east side of the museum: it was beating its wings, and the acuteness of its agony tarnished at intervals their golden beauty; the perspiration, like fine diamond-dust, started from it in every part; its horns were as polished steel, bearing two little beads like pearls; its body, as crystal streaked with veins of ruby; its legs were as amber; and upon each wing there was a bright emerald-coloured spot, which reflected the eye of the beholder. Beber had never in his long practice beheld any insect half so beautiful; and as it was so pre-eminently lovely, the slave, true to the weakness of human nature, thought that insect, before any other, should have its liberty—whereupon he carefully drew the tormenting pin from its body. The Moth fell motionless to the ground, and Beber feared his mercy was come too late; when being about to stoop towards it, the Moth suddenly sprang into the air, and flew gently and steadily around the head of the slave. As the insect moved, a soft entrancing melody was created by the undulations of its wings, which fixed Beber with upraised head, open mouth, and outstretched fingers, the scarcely breathing figure of astonishment. By degrees the insect comes more closely to him; now it just brushes his turban; it strikes with its golden wings the closed lid of the one-eyed Beber, springs through the casement, and vanishes. The slave utters a shout of astonishment—covers by turns each eye with his hand—the lately withered ball is again awakened to light—Beber is no longer a one-eyed man! For some moments he chuckles with an inward delight; he then sinks into a state of dreaminess, from which the appearance of Sefy, his vindictive master, alone arouses him. The old Persian starts on beholding in his museum a man in every respect like his servant Beber, save in the possession of two eyes. Without waiting for any explanation from the supposed intruder, Sefy orders his

servants to take the slave to a distance, there to chastise him for his presumption, and then to search for the offending Beber. The menials, sharing in the surprise of their master, are puzzled with the person of their prisoner: he is like Beber—lame, toothless, has but one good arm—but then his two eyes! It is not for them to ponder on the question; they bare their charge into the fields, and dutifully chastise him.

And now behold the unfortunate Beber, left bleeding and exhausted at the outskirts of the city. The bastinado had done its work. "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet," sighed forth the unhappy man, as he gradually revived to a sense of his miserable condition. "Softly, friend Beber! you have unaccountably gained an eye; although, I am afraid, against such profit you may put the loss of your other leg." Here the wounds in his feet again began so to throb and smart, that the poor fellow swooned under the agony. When he recovered, he saw hovering over him the very Moth with the Golden Wings to whom he had that day given liberty. The Moth gave every possible sign that it recognized its former deliverer; and, having fluttered round Beber for some time, it gradually sank to the soles of his feet, where Beber felt the insect fanning with its little wings his smarting wounds: a grateful coolness pervades the lacerated parts—the flesh closes—no scars remain—and Beber, rising from the earth, discovers that he is not only cured of his hurts, but of his lameness. "There is but one God!" he shouts, and throws himself round like a dervise. The Moth, although it carefully avoids the outstretched and eager hand of Beber, still flies around him, and seems by its movements as if it wished to guide the footsteps of its preserver. "Moth of Mahomet!—for you can be no other—I will follow you," exclaimed Beber, and he marched forward. The Moth flew to the city of Bassora; and after guiding the astonished and delighted Beber

through many turnings and bye-ways, at length brought him into a most beautiful garden. Here the Moth began to revel among the flowers, which seemed sensible of its caresses, and in a manner returned them. Now the Moth would alight upon a rose-bud, which would instantly burst into a full-blown flower; and then again slightly collapse its leaves, as though wishing to confine the insect in its fragrant prison. After the Moth had thus dallied with many of the beauties of the place, it boldly flew into the hand of Beber which it quickly left to visit a flower, and then it as speedily returned. After the Moth had continued these movements for some time, Beber thought he would pluck a flower: scarcely does he pull a damask rose from its stalk, when the leaves curl together as though scorched by fire, their colour flashes with an added brilliancy, and that which but a moment before was a flower on the tree, becomes in the hand of Beber, an inestimable ruby. Delight succeeds astonishment: Beber now plucks flowers of every hue, touched by the wings of the Moth; and in a few minutes he has jewels of every colour and description, from pearls transformed from lilies, to amber from sunflowers. Whilst Beber was thinking where he should hide away his riches, he accidentally touched a spider's web depending from one of the trees, and it instantly burst forth into innumerable colours, and became as it were, a rainbow of silk, which Beber instantly took, and deposited therein his newly-found riches.

Day was now fast approaching to a close; and Beber, on looking round for his good genius, the Moth with the Golden Wings, found it had fled he knew not whither. Hereupon was Beber puzzled; for he knew not how to depart from a place into which he had been introduced, he knew not how. Whilst Beber was engaged in arranging the little wit sudden good fortune had left him, in order to deliver himself from his

present perplexity, he perceived a long procession of attendants coming down the garden; and in an instant Beber, surrendering his soul and body into the keeping of Allah, disposed himself into a very ball, and rolled under the friendly boughs of a neighboring tree. Now although Beber had degraded himself as much as possible from the upright bodily dignity of man, he had nevertheless, like a wise politician, so disposed his eyes as not to be confounded by darkness in the general lump. He beheld a numerous body of attendants halt just opposite his hiding place, where they commenced preparations for a splendid feast. They brought with them vessels of gold and silver, with the most delicate cates; they spread the carpets, arranged the cushions; the grand carver was at his post, and nothing was wanting but the master of the feast to commence the banquet. In a few minutes the great man himself appeared; and Beber shuddered as he beheld his savage aspect. Giaffar, (for that was his name) was indeed a cruel and relentless man: the bones of many of his once-beautiful Circassian slaves, if rumour might be trusted, had long whitened beneath the surge; and even the bowels of the earth enclosed his victims. The feast began and ended in silence; the coffee went its round, and the dancing girls had performed their voluptuous measure. Giaffar questioned the slave respecting some trifling formality which had been unobserved in the economy of his chibouque, when the menial ventured a reply: Giaffar, starting from his cushion, threw his ataghan at the offender—who, however, by an adroit movement, escaped the blow, and the weapon went whizzing onward, and falling at a distance, sheathed itself in the unhappy Beber's leg, who instantly sent forth a shriek, which instantly drew the attendants about the sufferer. Beber is directly produced before the vengeful Giaffar, who in two words gives out the culprit's fate. The sound of the

syllables, "bow-string," still tingled in Beber's ears, as he threw himself before Giaffar, imploring his most gracious consideration. The appeal was in vain; and Beber was being hurried away from the presence of Giaffar to the first convenient corner for execution, when in the struggle,—for Beber, albeit supple and obliging, dared to struggle for his neck—the huge silken bag of jewels fell from the captive, and was speedily exposed to the rejoicing eyes of Giaffar. "How is this, slave?" said he, evidently pleased, as though his inward man had been tickled by a libation of the pearls dissolved; "how is this, and wherefore these inestimable riches?" Beber, feeling that his windpipe was as yet unobstructed by a cord, thought it behoved him, if possible, to work its everlasting liberty; and therefore, rallying the little valour which had retreated he scarcely knew where, he determined upon acting the great man, and endeavouring to put death aside with a big word. "Glory to the Prophet!" commenced Beber; "his ways are wonderful; and no man knoweth but a narrow and a winding lane, with foul serpents in the path and thorns at the side, may lead to a field of melons. Surely, good sir, if merchants trading to Bassora are to have their necks fitted with bow-strings, the winds and waters will soon bring you nothing but grass-seed and sponge. When I quitted my good father, who, Allah rest him, is now beholding his beard in the black eyes of immortal houris; when he gave into my keeping these jewels wherewith I was to trade, and to make me lift up my head with any merchant in the bazaar, little did I think that I should have to plead for the holding of my patrimony, like a felon against the bastinado. But there is but one God," added Beber, and he placed his hands across his breast. "Indeed! is this so?" replied Giaffar, who began to think he had gone too far; whereupon, motioning to his slaves, they respectfully seated Beber upon a

cushion, and served him with coffee. After a short pause, Giaffar recommenced his interrogatories. "How is it, my friend, that a man possessing the immense wealth contained in these jewels should make so bad an appearance? By my beard I took you for some runaway slave! How is this, I say?"—"Most wise brother," replied Beber, gaining courage as he proceeded, "you must know the vanity of embroidered garments: gravity of dress delights the wise. He who hath not sense sufficient to prefer the sweet sobriety of the cinnamon-bark to the nauseating odour of its flowers, deserves not the fragrance of the wood, but the effluvia of the blossom."—"Brother," replied Giaffar—for he had now an artful game to play—"it is a wise defence of a worthy custom. You will pardon the choleric reception I gave you; and so, now for business. You, it seems, are a jewel merchant. I can tell you, good fortune has directed your footsteps hither. There is not one, in the whole city of Bassora, who can do you so good a turn as myself. I am at the present time commissioned to buy some valuable gems: these appear of extraordinary beauty; although, perhaps, I am wrong to say as much—for a good trader will not praise the foot of a camel he is bargaining for. However, this night we will give to harmless pleasure, and to-morrow we will talk of trade." By these fair words did Giaffar wholly gain over to his confidence the unsuspecting Beber. "Bacroc!" said Giaffar—and an ugly, foul-visaged slave approached him—"bring hither that peculiar drink with which I treat the fortunate few whom I condescend to receive in love and friendship. The slave quickly brings the desired liquor, which Giaffar presents in a golden vessel to his easy guest. "Honour to the Prophet! this is surely not wine."—"Wine!" replied Giaffar in seeming anger; "but you are a stranger, and know not that I have thrice travelled to Mecca's holy shrine. Wine in the dwell-

ling-place of the faithful!" Beber, not wishing again to excite a violence, the character of which he so well remembered (for his leg, although it had been carefully attended by the slaves, still at intervals pained him grievously), drank off the potion, to the evident satisfaction of Giaffar. Beber, in his agitation, had not discovered the Moth with the Golden Wings, which fluttered around him whilst he held the vessel in his hand, but vanished on the instant he emptied it. "There is but one God!" stammered Beber, as he took the cup from his lips, and, trembling in every part, he fell senseless to the earth. Giaffar, on this, exclaimed to Bacroc and his fellows, "Dispose of the fool!" and, carrying with him Beber's bag of jewels, he re-entered the house.—The slaves, with whom we shall for a time leave Beber, bear him insensible from the gardens.

Now it so happened that Giaffar was a great favourite of the Sultan, who had entrusted him with a vast sum of money to purchase jewels, which his highness intended to present his daughter on her approaching marriage. Early in the morning, the chief of the Sultan's eunuchs, with a suitable train, waited upon Giaffar, to demand of him the success of his mission. Giaffar received the messenger with all possible dignity, and coremoniously placed in his hand, enveloped in a rich cloth of gold, the silken bag and jewels of the luckless Beber. "Thrice fortunate am I, the slave of the Sultan, in having been so quickly and so admirably suited with that desired by my master. You hold, my good Mesrour, jewels of the most astonishing beauty; they shine even as lumps of the sun." Upon hearing this, the eunuch was about to indulge his eyesight with a peep at his splendid charge, when he was prevented by Giaffar: "Pardon me, good Mesrour; but Mahomet forbid that I should permit any one to look upon the jewels before his Greatness the Sultan himself." Mesrour, be-

ing a subtle courtier, felt the full force of such an objection, and saluting Giaffar, quitted him for the presence of the Sultan. Arrived at the palace, Mesrour found the Sultan and his court assembled in full state. The eunuch, prostrating himself before the throne, delivered into the hands of the Sultan the purchase of Giaffar. "He is a good and a faithful servant," said the Sultan, as he directed the golden napkin to be taken from the jewels. "Know," he continued, "it pleaseth us to inform the faithful, that we intend to bestow one of our daughters in marriage, and therefore have entrusted our good servant Giaffar to purchase the bridal present." On this a murmur of applause ran through the court, which was, however, speedily turned into astonishment, when, on the Sultan's snatching from his officer the contents of the golden cloth, he displayed to the court a heap of withered buds of flowers, entangled in a large cobweb! "Mesrour," exclaimed the Sultan, "how is this? I send you for jewels, and you dare to bring me shrivelled flowers in the web of a spider!" All the court stood aghast, as Mesrour, prostrating himself before the throne, briefly yet tremblingly uttered, "Commander of the Faithful, such as I received such have I given to you!" "Ah! Giaffar mocks our tenderness and clemency! By the beard of my father, he dies! Bring me his head!" It takes but a short time for Mesrour to depart from the court, to seize the person of Giaffar, and to bring the astonished culprit before the vengeful front of his master.—"How is this, slave?" questioned the Sultan; "are these your jewels?" and he showed to the perturbed favorite the worthless fragments he had sent. It was in vain for Giaffar to protest that he must have dealt with a magician, that they were, on the last night, the most beautiful jewels: the Sultan orders the execution of Giaffar, and the court crier proclaims through the principal streets of Bassora, that, in

two hours, Giaffar, the late favorite of the Sultan, is to be beheaded in presence of the court.

Let us now return to Beber, whom the slaves of Giaffar left in an unfrequented part of Bassora, insensible and almost naked. Twice did Bacroc think of despatching him, when his fellows, touched with some little compassion, dissuaded him from the deed, by assuring him that Beber being a stranger in Bassora, and unacquainted with either the mansion or the name of Giaffar, could not, even if he survived the effects of the soporific potion, be in any way dangerous. Beber, however, triumphed over the terrors of the night; and waking in the morning, found himself hungry, penniless, and almost naked. The recollection of the events of the preceding evening came over him, and he was about to inveigh bitterly against his destiny, when his good spirits came to his aid, and he took from a neighbouring reservoir a handful of water, saying before he drank, "I put the sweetmeat of resignation into the stream, and lo! I am nourished:" he no sooner had swallowed the water, than he found his mouth filled with an admirable set of teeth! Beber was overcome with wonders; he was lately become intimate with miracles, therefore he neither shouted nor danced, but meekly said, "There is but one God, and he is great." Now Beber, as he strolled through the streets of Bassora, heard by chance the proclamation of the intended execution of Giaffar, and, suffering himself to be mingled in the crowd, he entered the large court, where the Sultan and his officers were assembled. When the order was given for the appearance of the culprit, what was the surprise of Beber, to see in the person of the malefactor the knavish jewel merchant! "Shall I also accuse him?" said Beber to himself; "no: let not the hand strike him already down!" As this rejoinder passed through the brain of Beber, his blasted arm became whole and sin-

ewy; the last of his infirmities was cured, and now was Beber a healthy and a complete man. Preparations are now made for instant execution; the Sultan remains obdurate to the prayers of the condemned, who now walks to the fatal spot, round the circle made by the spectators: as he is just finishing his circuit, he stops short at Beber, and pointing him out, shouts aloud, "Commander of the Faithful, here is the culprit—here is he who sold me the jewels!" The ceremony of death is for a time suspended; and Beber, arraigned at the throne, briefly describes to the Sultan his meeting with Giaffar; how he had been despoiled by him of his jewels, and otherwise ill-used by him.—"Jewels, dog!" exclaimed Giaffar; "were they not withered flowers?" "Answer, slave!" thunders forth the Sultan. "Commander of the Faithful," replies Beber with good heart, for he sees at this moment the Moth with the Golden Wings hovering over him, "they were jewels when I gave them into the keeping of Giaffar, albeit his wickedness may have transformed them."—"This is invention, slave; think you we are to be fooled with tales of the genii; take you the buds and the cobweb, and then own your treachery." These articles are given to Beber, who no sooner touches them than they become, one by one, a jewel, enclosed as before in a bag of silk! All the court are astounded at the feat. "This, however," said the Sultan, "may be the art of some damnable magician." "Indeed, your highness," replied Beber, "I am none; I know of no powers, save those of moral good and evil." "And is it your power of good that transforms flowers into gems?"—"Let it be tried," replies Beber, "by making Giaffar touch a jewel; we shall then see what arts he made use of with your poor servant's wealth."—"It is well, come hither slave," says the Sultan to Giaffar; "touch with your finger the diamond in my turban." No sooner is it

done than the stone turns into a blighted lily; and the Sultan, frantic at the change, is rushing with his drawn scimitar on Giaffar, when Beber, throwing himself before him, exclaims, "Defender of the Faithful, let me stand between your greatness and your wrath:" and Beber touching the withered flower, it again becomes a diamond,

All the court are paralyzed with astonishment; and the Sultan is about to question Beber, when suddenly a beautiful palm tree rises at the foot of the throne. The Moth with the Golden Wings settles on a large palm-leaf, which is instantly plucked, and found to bear the following words, which were read aloud by the order of the Sultan to the assembled people:

"I speak for my mistress, the fairy Gezert. Ask not, oh Sultan! the reason of this mystery; for know, that in the hand of the good and faithful, the bud of the rose becometh a ruby; whilst the finger of the wicked maketh a diamond as nought. I was in pain, and a captive, and the poor man gave me freedom; his tenderness hath been

his reward. To try the feeling of man, I put off my form, and took that of an insect. I have found evil and cruelty in the great; I have found love and mercy in the lowly. Oh Sultan! he who for sport tortureth a fly, would, but for the law, tear away an arm. Oh Sultan! let the merciful be rewarded, the guilty punished; and let this precept be ever in thy mind, and in the souls of thy people:—*That in the hand of the good and faithful, the bud of the rose becometh a ruby; whilst the finger of the wicked maketh a diamond as nought.*"

Scarcely has the officer finished reading, when the leaf escapes from his hand in sunlight; the trunk of the palm-tree becomes a pillar of water, spouting off and falling in the shape of branches and leaves. It has ever been approached with veneration by the people of Bassora, and is called by them the Fountain of the Fairy Moth.

A few words will now close the tale: Giaffar was delivered into the hands of the executioner, and Beber was dignified with riches and honors by the gratitude of the Sultan.

PAUL THE PROJECTOR.

OUR readers may implicitly rely upon the authenticity of the following narrative; although the individual to whom the events happened, may have good reasons for wishing his full name to be withheld. We will, therefore, be content to call him by the style and title of Paul the Projector.

To go back to the nursery adventures of the unhappy Paul, would scarcely, (whatever discoveries we might make), repay us for the trouble of the search. And the fact is, that the history of his infancy, like that of many other great men, is involved in almost impenetrable obscurity. Even the anecdotes which were, doubtless, delivered with regard to him by his mother and his nurse, have long been forgotten. At school, however, it is

certain that Paul began to display his incurable propensity to projecting. He was constantly making experiments for the invention of a new bird-trap, or a new cross-bow, or some other extraordinary implement, for every boyish purpose under heaven. At every possible game he was practically the worst player in the school: but then, upon the theoretical principles, he had, (as he conceived), formed some very wise notions of his own. Cricket was his peculiar study; it is true, that he could never defend his wicket for a minute; but then he could always suggest some indisputable improvement in the shape of the bat.

As Paul entered upon the career of youth, his projecting propensities "grew with his growth, and strength-

ened with his strength." He never saw a carriage without having some improvement to propose as to its construction, its colour, or its springs; although no wise person, who set the slightest value on his life, would ever trust himself to the guidance of Paul, in any vehicle, for a moment. Moreover, in the "history" and "philosophy" of dancing—for in this age of refinement we must use grand terms upon every occasion—he was a perfect adept; of the same-ness and want of inventive genius displayed in our English dances, he bitterly complained; he would even talk of introducing the Pyrrhic dance, the Romaic dance, and a thousand other dances, ancient and modern, with all sorts of steps, from all sorts of places: he had, beside, a magnificent project of making a kind of composite order of dancing out of them all. In the meantime, the common dances which were practised in his youth, were quite beyond him: he never went through a country-dance without a mistake, or performed the evolutions of a reel without being in every body's way.

These are trifling things; but trifling things, as the wise know, not only make up the sum of life, but are the best index of character. Paul proceeded in his career—every art and science supplied him with matter for cogitation, and for a scheme. He laboured at a new style in architecture, sculpture, and painting; he wished to improve their principles, and to enlarge their boundaries.

It was fortunate that the reign of alchemy had passed away before the birth of Paul the Projector, otherwise, his existence would assuredly have been wasted in search of the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life. The time, however, was now arrived, when his various petty projects were either abandoned and forgotten, or concentrated and absorbed in vast and splendid schemes of political and moral regeneration; a thousand plans, one after another, crossed his soul, like the meteoric flashes of a northern sky, beautiful

and bright—but impalpable, unsubstantial, and fugitive. His friends were naturally anxious for him to apply himself to a particular profession; for it was evident to them, that if the talents which he certainly possessed, were steadily employed upon any single subject, he might raise himself, with comparative ease, to eminence and wealth. But Paul, alas! had other views;—he became a mere drudge, and plod onwards along a beaten track with the common herd! They who gave him such advice might have excellent intentions, but they could comprehend neither the grasp of his intellect, nor the magnitude of his designs.

Paul was an orphan; and among the friends on whom he principally depended was a rich uncle, who had gained his fortune by trade. Now it happened, in the course of time, that the tide of Paul's finances was at its lowest ebb, and that at the same identical period he was in a fever of agitation to commence a most magnificent scheme, which required, at the outset, the moving power of certain funds, which he was unfortunately conscious could not be drawn, by any imaginable device, from his own pocket. He determined, therefore, to make an application, in the first instance, to the said uncle; but Paul felt at the moment, that the most sublime projector who ever schemed himself into poverty, cuts but a sorry figure when he appears in the shape of a petitioner. He, however, introduced himself to his relation, as he sat writing at his desk, and began the conversation as follows:—"My dear uncle, you have often promised to assist me, and I feel assured, from your uniform kindness,"—"Stop, Paul,—no mummery,—I have promised to assist you, and I will, as soon as you prove to me that I can be of real and essential service. What is it that you want?" "You would confer an eternal obligation upon me, if you would just lend me a few hundred pounds." "For what purpose, Paul?" "I have a scheme in my head"—Umph! I suspect

that you will not get a farthing from me in furtherance of your scheme; you have had too many schemes in your head,—but what is it?" "I wish to buy a piece of land, for the purpose of forming an establishment somewhat similar to Mr. Owen's at Lanark, where I may introduce a new state of society, and a new system of education." "God bless the boy! How old are you Paul?" "Three and twenty"—"A pretty modest age! and pray how do you expect to subsist in your new establishment?" "Oh, by farming and manufactures, and by disseminating my opinions through the medium of the press." "What do you know of farming?" "Not much." "Of manufactures?" "About as little." "So I thought. You cannot buy land for nothing, Paul." "No, Sir,—not good land; but we wish to get some waste land, and put it into cultivation; so we shall confer a benefit on the country, by adding to the quantity of wholesome food." "Even that point is doubtful, Paul; the time may come when we shall hear of the necessity of throwing lands out of cultivation. But Paul, what capital security do you offer me for the repayment of my money?" "Oh, you might have any share of the profits of the speculation." "Indeed! profits of the speculation! Now listen to me, Paul. A certain loss, or what is equivalent to a certain loss, a loan of money to you, is something; but to be made a partner in one of your speculations, by consenting to have a share in the profits, is nothing more or less than ruin complete and final. The largest fortune upon earth could not stand it; Paul, Paul, let me give you a little wholesome advice, once for all. Be a lawyer, be a parson, be a physician, be anything; only be something. Descend from the clouds, for one moment, and just consider what you are about. Writing is a bad trade, at least so they tell me. You ought to be steadily engaged in some honourable profession, which will not allow your head at any time to go wool-gathering; else, Paul, you will get

connected with some profligate adventurer, who will make a prey and booty of your simple enthusiasm, by stripping you of your fleece, and then leaving you to take care of your carcass. Within a year I suppose you will have schemed yourself into the King's Bench; Paul, I will not hold out a helping hand to your ruin, by lending you a farthing. You have heard my determination; I am busy with my accounts, and so good morning to you."

Paul, in whose composition, although there was much which was speculative, was nothing which was dishonest, immediately desisted from his scheme, when he found that he could not obtain the necessary supply of money from his uncle. He therefore changed his plan of operations, and wrote to the then existing administration, proposing a variety of schemes for the employment of the poor, the establishment of colonies, the liquidation of the national debt, the eradication of diseases, the prevention of crime, and sundry other projects, equally philanthropic and impracticable. Truth, however, compels the statement, that he met with very little success in his application to the ministers; he never received from them a letter of thanks, a letter even of acknowledgment, or perceived that they had made any use of any of his suggestions.

We are now arrived at another important epoch in the life of Paul the Projector. Paul fell in love; this, perhaps, was the only thing which he ever did, without a scheme. But men can no more scheme themselves into love, than they can reason themselves out of it. Love, too, as has been observed, laughs at all dissimilarities in taste and character; and delights in joining, by links of mutual attachment, persons, with regard to whom there were a thousand reasons why they should never come together. In one respect the love of Paul was fortunate; he inspired the affection which he himself felt. But the parents of her of whom he was enamoured, were rich, plain, honest,

straight-forward people, who at first could not regard him without evident suspicion; and the young lady herself was more remarkable for strong native sense, than for high-flown and romantic notions; and the extent of her ambition was to enjoy the comforts and elegancies of life, in the regular way; and confine her benevolence and charity to her immediate neighbourhood.

It so happened, however, that, while Paul was uncertain as to the issue of his suit, the anxiety, occasioned by an ardent passion, was a sufficient excitement to his restless spirit; and not only drove all his other projects from his mind, but even seemed to have obliterated them from his memory. Even his uncle had some hopes of him: while the father and mother of his intended bride were agreeably surprised in seeing something like steadiness and sobriety, instead of the visionary absurdities of which they had so often heard.

But alas! this halcyon calm was deceitful and short-lived. The good star of Paul was not destined long to remain in the ascendant. His evil genius, like the devils of old, soon returned, and took possession of him. When security had succeeded to doubt—when he knew that he was loved—his inveterate habit of scheming seized hold of his mind again. One day, at dinner, he shocked his intended mother-in-law beyond description, by stating, that in his family he should wish to introduce a strictly vegetable diet; as he had just discovered, that the use of animal food rendered the blood gross and impure, instilled a savage ferocity into the human character, and was, in short, the main cause of all the vice and misery under the sun.

This was bad enough, but "worse remained behind." On a fine evening, in July, when the earth was green beneath their feet, and the heavens blue and cloudless above them, Paul was enjoying a long and interesting conversation with his mistress, free from the fear of intrusion

or interruption. In that evil hour, he gave the reins to the warmth of his imagination and the expansion of his soul; he had heated himself with talking of the depravity and wretchedness which prevail in all existing societies of Europe; and he at length hinted at the formation of a colony, with a few friends, in a remote settlement, where they might carry their own views into execution—where they might realize in actual life the poetic descriptions of Arcadia, and return to the primeval innocence, simplicity, and happiness of mankind. Alas! the forbidden glance with which Orpheus looked back upon the half-regained Eurydice, was not more fatal than this unfortunate suggestion of poor Paul to his betrothed bride. It struck upon her ear like the knell of departed hopes; her countenance fell, and became blank. What! exchange the comfort of a substantial, stone-built tenement; the polished pleasures of an English drawing-room, and the society of old and valued friends, for such a state of exile, as he proposed, considered even at its best, without taking into the account the inconveniences and privations which would probably, and almost inevitably attend it! The very idea—the very probability of such a thing, was infinitely too great a trial of her love, and of her forbearance. She asked him if he was in earnest. "In earnest," repeated the unsuspecting Paul; "certainly, I am in earnest." An altercation ensued; begun in dangerous playfulness, and ending in an irreparable breach. Paul defended his notions: the young lady overwhelmed them and him with all the artillery of ridicule, and all the readiness of female wit. Paul was piqued; the lady was angry; reproach followed reproach, and on both sides those unkind things were precipitately said, which, although they may be mutually forgiven, always leave behind them an impression and a sting. In the end, the unhappy suitor was discarded forever; and the young lady was congratu-

tulated by her friends on her fortunate escape. Thus ended the loves of Paul the Projector.

This disappointment was a grievous blow: and he endeavoured to banish the recollection of it, by devoting himself more entirely than ever to the meditation of mighty projects. But Paul was poor; his uncle was tired and disgusted with his follies; and the mournful anticipations of that worthy relation seemed about to be fulfilled. Paul was involved in debt, and sometimes, as he was rapt and absorbed in his brightest dreams of reforming the universe, and diffusing plenty and happiness among nations he had never beheld, a single loud, determined rap at the door would at once awaken him from his trance, recal him to a sense of his real situation, and his real wants—until his soul was depressed and sickened by that benumbing anxiety, with which low petty cares, daily and unavoidable distresses, *must* weigh, at last, upon an ardent and visionary spirit. Often, when he had caught a glimpse of some new project for the improvement of society, and the regeneration of mil-

lions, his reverie was disturbed, the charm broken, the illusion destroyed, by the appearance of one stern, importunate creditor, whom he was thoughtlessly defrauding, and perhaps contributing to ruin.

These things, however, could not again and again occur, without at length opening his eyes, and compelling him to perceive the error of his ways. Paul has, therefore, retired upon a small annuity to a remote part of the country, where he weans himself by degrees from the earth and its concerns; where he reflects, with a sigh, that men of the best intentions may become useless and even mischievous, for want of sober views and temperate discretion;—where he laments over the vanity of human projects; and where he declares the utter decay of all his hopes, that the world will ever be better than it is, or that any beneficial change can be effected in the moral, political, or social condition of mankind,

Such is a true account of a few passages of the life of my friend, Paul the Projector.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF BONAPARTE.

The following letter from Napoleon to M. Champagny, the minister of the interior, displays in a strong light the character of the man, and his custom of not listening implicitly to the decisions of others.

MONSIEUR DE CHAMPAGNY,

AFTER having attentively examined the different plans of the monument dedicated to the grand army, I have not been one moment in doubt; that of M. Vignon is the only one which fulfils my intentions. It is a temple that I demanded, and not a church. What could be done in the style of churches to surpass St. Geneviève, or even Notre Dame; and above all, St. Peter's at Rome? The project of M. Vignon unites with many advantages that of agreeing much better in style with the palace of the legislative body, and of not humiliating the Thuilleries.

Finkemstein, 30th May, 1807.

When I fixed the expense at three millions (120,000*l.*), I wished it to be understood that this temple ought not to cost more than that of Athens, the construction of which did not cost half that sum. It appears to me, that the court entrance ought to be by the staircase opposite to the throne. In the definitive plan, M. Vignon will manage so that we may descend under cover. The apartment, also, must be as handsome as possible; M. Vignon might, perhaps, make it double; for the hall is at present too long. It will be equally easy to add a few tribunes.

I will have nothing in wood. The spectators ought to be placed, as I said, on marble steps, forming amphitheatres destined for the public. The persons necessary for the ceremony will be placed on benches, so that the distinction between the two classes of spectators may be very sensible. The amphitheatres, filled with ladies, will form a contrast with the grave costume of the personages necessary for the ceremony. The tribune of the orator ought to be permanent, and of beautiful workmanship. In this temple nothing ought to be movable or changing; every thing, on the contrary, ought to be stable and fixed in its place. If it were possible to place at the entrance of the temple the Nile and the Tiber which were brought from Rome, it would have a good effect: M. Vignon must endeavor to introduce them in his ultimate plan. The place must also be selected for the armour of Francis I. and the *quadriga* (triumphal car with four horses) of Berlin. There must be no wood in the construction of this temple. Why may not we employ for the dome, which has been an object of discussion, iron, or even earthen pots? Would not these materials be preferable to wood? In a temple destined to subsist several thousands of years, the greatest solidity possible must be studied, and every thing avoided that may be subject to criticism; and the greatest attention paid to the choice of materials. Granite or iron, such ought to be those of this monument. It may be objected that the present columns are not of granite; but this objection is not a good one, because in time they may be changed, without injury to the monument. Yet, if it were proved that to use granite would cost too much, and be too long in obtaining, we must renounce it; for the principal condition of the project is, that it shall be executed in three or four years, or at the most five. This monument has a political object; it therefore should be terminated quickly. It will be well, however,

to seek for granite for other works which I shall order, and which, from their nature, may occupy thirty, forty, or fifty years in finishing. I intend all sculptures in the interior to be of marble. Do not propose to me any sculptures fit for the drawing and dining-rooms of the wives of Paris bankers. Whatever is futile is not simple, noble; whatever is not of a long duration is unfit for this monument. I repeat, that there must be no kind of furniture in it, not even curtains. As to the plan which has gained the prize, it does not reach my ideas; it was the first that I rejected. It is true I gave for a basis, to preserve part of the monument of the Magdalen as it exists; but this expression is an ellipsis,—it was to be understood that the most possible of it should be preserved, otherwise there would have been no need of a programme; it was only necessary to execute the original plan. My intention is not to have a church, but a temple; and I neither wished that all should be pulled down nor preserved. If the two propositions were incompatible, viz. that of having a temple, or preserving the church of the Magdalen, it was right to attend to the definition a temple. By temple, I mean a monument, such as there was at Athens, and as there is not at Paris. There are many churches at Paris; these are in every village. I should not have taken it ill if the contradiction had been pointed out between having a temple, and preserving what was intended for a church. The first was the principal idea, the second only accessory: M. Vignon, therefore, divined what I meant.—As to the expense fixed at three millions, I do not make it an absolute condition; I wished to be understood, that I would not have another Pantheon,—that of St. Geneviève has already cost above fifteen millions. But in saying three millions, I did not mean that a million or two more should enter into the comparison having a more or less beautiful monument. I might, if necessary,

order five, or even six millions; the definitive plan will regulate this.

You will not fail to tell the 4th class of the Institute, that it was in

its own report that I discovered the motives that have determined me.—

On which I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. NAPOLEON.

VARIETIES.

RARE INSTANCE OF SELF-DEVOTION.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Mackenzie happened to be in a cabin with Prince Charles Edward, when they were suddenly surrounded by a detachment of English troops advancing from every point. Charles was then asleep, and was awakened to be informed of his inevitable danger. "Then we must die," said he, "like brave men, with swords in our hands." "No, Prince," said Mackenzie, "resources still remain. I will take your name, and face one of the detachments. I know what my fate will be; but whilst I keep it employed, your Royal Highness will have time to escape." Mackenzie rushed forward, sword in hand, against a detachment of fifty men; and as he fell, covered with wounds, he exclaimed, "You know not what you have done; you have killed your Prince." His head was cut off, and carried, without delay, to the Duke of Cumberland. Exulting in his prize, the Duke set off next day for London, with the head packed up in his chaise. And the belief that the Prince was dead, not only relaxed for a time the diligence of his pursuers, but even suspended the work of havoc and desolation against the unfortunate Highlanders. At length, after wandering from place to place in various disguises, often lodging in caves and woods, destitute of the common necessities of life, Charles embarked on board a privateer, sent from France to receive him, and landed safely at Morlaix, in Bretagne.

ACOUSTICS.

It is stated, in the account of Captain Parry's third voyage, that at Port Bowen, Lieutenant Foster kept up a conversation with his assistant at a distance of 6,696 feet, or

about one statute mile and two-tenths.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER'S SONG.

A PARODY ON THE "CANADIAN BOAT SONG."

GENTLY as flows the stream of time,
Our vessel floats on to the coasts sublime,
But ere the lea'm'ning shores look dim,
Oh! sweet let us sing the heavenly hymn.
Sing, brothers, sing, as on we haste,
Our moments are few, and will soon be past,

Oh! let us now our sail unfurl,
If haply a breath the blue wave may curl,
And waft us to that peaceful shore,
Where sweetly we'll rest, to toil no more.
Blow, breezes blow—auspicious blast,
We safely shall reach to the port at last.

Swift-flowing tide! yon waning moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Thou holy Spirit! hear our prayer,
Breathe down from heaven a fav'ring air.
Blow, breezes blow, the stream runs fast.
The haven is near, and the danger's past.

POLISH COIN.

The Emperor Nicholas has decided that the coin in Poland shall always bear the effigies of the Emperor Alexander, to whom this kingdom is indebted for its restoration: a grand and important work, which he intended to complete whenever the general circumstances of Europe became more favourable. The execution of this noble design remains entrusted to his successor, who has testified an almost religious anxiety to comply with his most secret wishes. The gold and silver coin will present on one side the likeness of the late emperor and king, with a laurel crown upon his head, and with this inscription in the Polish language—"Alexander I. Emperor of Russia, restorer of the kingdom of Poland (1815);" on the other side, in the midst of a crown of oak, is inscribed the value of the piece; beneath the crown these words: "Nicholas I. Emperor of all the Russias, reigning king of Poland." The copper money will not be changed.